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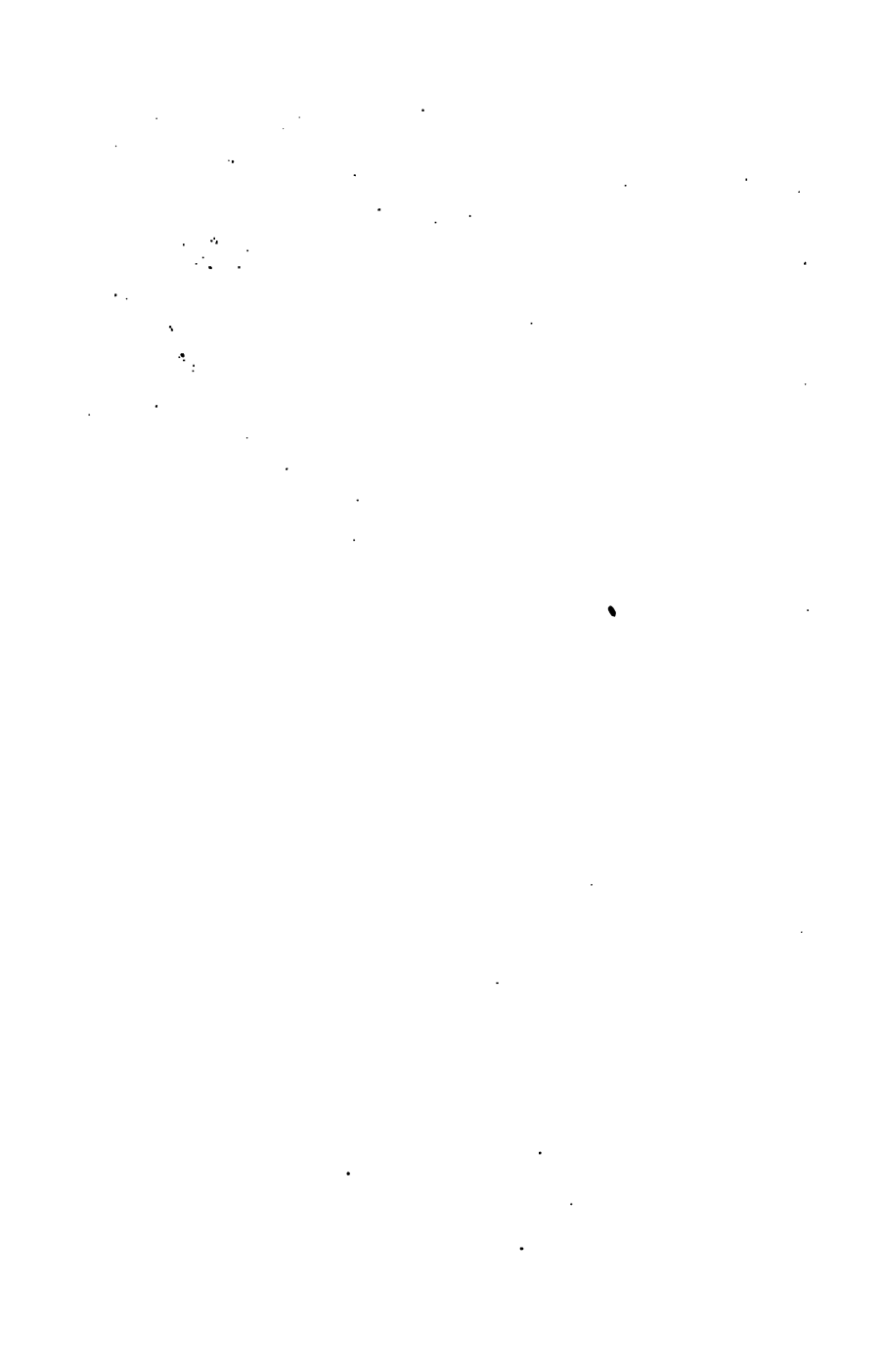
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CARPENTER'S
HANDBOOK
OF
POETRY



A
HANDBOOK OF POETRY.



LONDON:
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A
HANDBOOK OF POETRY;

BEING

A CLEAR AND EASY GUIDE,

DIVESTED OF TECHNICALITIES, TO THE

Art of Making English Verse.



BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

EDITOR OF "PENNY READINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE," "POPULAR READINGS," ETC.

AUTHOR OF TWO THOUSAND SONGS AND BALLADS, ETC. ETC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NEW POETICAL ANTHOLOGY,

AND

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF PROPER RHYMES,

WITH LISTS OF DOUBLE AND SINGLE RHYMES, AND

TERMS USED IN POETRY.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

AT a time when "Handbooks of History," "Handbooks of Chemistry," "Handy Books of the Law," and other short cuts to general knowledge or useful information, find a ready acceptance on the part of the public, the little treatise contained in the following pages may not be without its utility, or unacceptable to that large class who now, in the thousand-and-one periodicals of the day, cultivate the Muses for pleasure and recreation, if with no higher aim and object.

So totally devoid of anything like even an approach to "inspired verse" are most of the effusions admitted by too willing editors, so faulty in construction and false in rhyme are most of the verses of "The Poets' Corner" and the magazine column, that the authors themselves must not unfrequently be cognizant of their deformity, when they see them reflected in the light and glare of leaded or double-leaded print.

And yet, with a little care and study, how easily might

this be avoided. Not that *any* treatise on Poetry can make an Inspired Bard, any more than could the mere perusal of a few books make an individual of feeble mind a deep thinker; but it can, at least, do this—it can make him write correctly, if not forcibly; and a careful study of the following pages, it is to be hoped, will enable all but the wilfully ignorant to judge of their own writings, and so to remodel and correct them as, at least, to render them free from those objections so offensive to a fine ear and a cultivated taste.



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A

HANDBOOK OF POETRY.

should contain precisely the same number of words or syllables; but it is necessary that there should be the same accent in both, the same rise and fall, the same musical flow, so to speak; and this is determined by what is called "scanning."

I shall not in this treatise, which is intended for the purely uninitiated, adopt many of the old technical terms in accordance with which our fathers built up their poems and formed their versification: most of these have long since been exploded. Poetry is no longer confined to any arbitrary form of verse; she may take a hundred varied shapes, as in Southey, or the poet may invent new measures if he can; but there are first principles from which he can never depart. Like the musician, he must know how and when to resolve his discords, for in both cases perfect harmony must pervade the whole.

That there are exceptions to the rules for making verse, I am not prepared to deny; but if I am asked why these exceptions are not pointed out, I must reply that the strictest rules that can be obtained are the best by which to study any art. The exceptions will present themselves as difficulties occur: to point out an easy means of getting over them would be to make the student careless, and cause him to avail himself of them habitually, rather than to face and overcome them.

No one, not even an inspired poet, a born one, can commence without some knowledge of what rhythm is capable of, of what others have done before him. Burns,

who sought for his inspirations in natural objects, could not have written if he had not previously heard the peasant songs of his native land. To one less inspired than he, a long course of study, and that of the best writers, would be necessary to inform him what rhymed and measured language is capable of achieving; hence, to those who would draw music from the mystic lyre, I would say, read the best poetry you can procure, and read every style, before you attempt to form one for yourself. When you think you can do so, write directly from your own feelings; work after the best models if you will, but let the material be your own.

By these means, and by avoiding those solecisms upon which others have blundered, and which I shall endeavour to point out, you will be able to write correctly. In choosing your subject, avoid, if possible, those that have been treated of by others: life is so full of variety, and natural objects are so abundant, that there can never be a dearth of subjects for poetry. Of course there are subjects upon which all poets have exercised their talents, and which are common property; with such it is not so much the object, as the method of treating it, that constitutes the poem. The thought it inspires, the association it awakes, must be your own; and the language in which you clothe it must spring from within, and not be, as is too frequently the case, a mere paraphrase of what others have thought and written upon the same subject.

The various kinds of poetry have their distinct appellations, but they are sometimes run into and blended with each other, so as to render their classification difficult. They may be said, generally, to be:—

DRAMATIC POETRY. That which is capable of being represented on the stage, and divided into acts and scenes; and also poetry written in the dramatic form, but not intended for representation. Blank verse is the medium usually employed in forming the language of the persons represented.

THE EPIC, or long narrative poem, generally heroic in its nature, but sometimes purely imaginary. Incident, scenery, action, and the reflections of the author, form the whole, which may be in blank verse, couplets, or irregular rhythm.

LYRIC POETRY, which includes the ode, the song, the ballad, and the sonnet, as well as those trifles in verse in which the author gives expression to his thoughts and feelings.

DIDACTIC POETRY is that upon which the perceptive powers of the poet are brought to bear, and in which a moral precept is inculcated.

PASTORALS, peculiar to the older writers, were idyls, or short poems, devoted to pastoral objects, sometimes called *Eclogues*.

NARRATIVE POEMS, imaginary tales, and historical ballads, differ from each other only as their designation implies.

The student, having made choice of a subject, will determine under which of these classes he proposes to carry it out, and direct his studies accordingly.

Never be deterred from writing on a subject because it does not, at the first blush, appear to be a poetical one: there are objects which are poetical in themselves from their own innate simple beauty, as a star, a snow-flake, a rose, a waterfall, a bird, a flower, or a rivulet. Others from their grandeur, as a storm, a mountain, the sun, the ocean, or a battle; but, on the other hand, the most common-place objects have afforded scope for poetry of a very high order. An oak table, a walking-stick, a shilling, a bucket, a lamp, a bundle of rags, an old horse, all have been treated of successfully; but it must be remembered that mere description won't do; your poem must contain a sentiment—the picture must call up some feeling, call back some memory. The association that your own mind may invent, or your experience suggest, will supply this.

If my reader imagines that this “handbook” will make him a poet, let him undeceive himself at once. It professes to do nothing of the sort; its object is to assist him in the cultivation of his genius, if he has that within him which may lead to future excellence, by pointing out to him what to avoid, that he may become his own critic, and so spare himself the humiliation of having errors pointed out when too late to mend them. The method of writing poetry he may to a certain

extent learn by rule; the manner must be the reflection of the light that shines from himself. It is by the manner rather than the method that one poet surpasses another in power, grace, feeling, fancy, and all that constitutes the attributes of a true poet.



CHAPTER II.

ON RHYMES.



RHYME is the word which terminates a line of poetry, when it agrees in sound with a corresponding line preceding it. Rhymes may be single, double, or treble, as—"LOVE" and "DOVE," single; "SORROW" and "MORROW," double; "TENDERLY" and "SLENDERLY," treble.

It is not absolutely necessary, in writing lyric poetry, that every line should have its rhyme; many poets rhyme only the alternate lines. It is better, however, that all the lines should have their rhymes, either in couplets, *i.e.*, following each other, or in alternate lines (of triplets and suspended rhymes I shall speak hereafter), and in writing verses that are intended to be set to music, especially so.

Strictly speaking, nearly all those terminations which are called double or treble rhymes (*i.e.*, when words of two or three syllables are employed) are not so. A rhyme is a simple or single sound, corresponding with another single sound with which it vibrates in unison, as so many notes struck upon an instrument correspond with the same notes struck an octave above or below them.

Two words or syllables precisely alike are not rhymes, hence in "*sorrow*" and "*morrow*," the rhymes are "sor" and "mor," and in "*slenderly*" and "*tenderly*," "slen" and "ten;" the concluding syllables, being the same word, are not rhymes. It is always on the *first* syllable of double and treble rhymes that the *accent* falls; and they, of course, constitute the rhymes. Where a word of three syllables is employed to rhyme with a monosyllable, the *accent* must be on the last syllable, as "*shade*" and "*colonnade*;" the rhymes being "*shade*" and "*nade*," both single rhymes.

When a word is used where the *accent* does *not* fall on the last syllable, a ludicrous effect is produced, as the following example, notwithstanding "*rain*" and "*cane*" would be good rhymes, the *accent* agreeing, will show:—

Pelting, undermining, loosening, came the rain;
Through its topmost branches roared the *hurri-cane*.

Words of two syllables having their second syllable the same as the word to be rhymed to, as Gipseys "*tent*" to "*content*," cannot be used.

There are many words that ought not to be used as rhymes, and consequently ought never to end a line, *viz.*, the particles *an*, *and*, *as*, *of*, *the*, *is*, &c. Some of these have been used by the old poets, but they are not admissible into modern verse. Beaumont and Fletcher have the line—

Every little flower that is,

and rhyme "is" to "kiss," which is a false rhyme, according to modern accent.

Words of more than three syllables, which have their accents far removed from the final syllable, should never be used as rhymes. Such words as "*vindicated*," having their accent on the last syllable but one, are allowable, because they will come in with the double rhymes, as "stated," "mated;" and the three-syllable words having a similar accent, as "debated," "elated," &c. The simple rhyme in all these is the "ate," the other sounds being weak and languishing, or unaccented.

There are many words ending in "ove," which have three distinct sounds, but which are used by some writers, as rhymes, indiscriminately: this is incorrect, and should at all times be especially avoided. LOVE, PROVE, and ROVE, though they rhyme to the eye, do not rhyme to the ear, and there is a sufficiency of rhymes to each of these for all practical purposes in poetry. It is better to reconstruct a line, finding another terminal, than to let a false or slovenly rhyme pass.

All obsolete words, many of which are to be found in the old poets, are inadmissible. In professedly imitations of the older poets, they may, of course, be used; but I advise no young writer to attempt such imitations; they would only convey modern thought clothed in an antique garb. The poetry of an age reflects its character, and is a landmark by which we can judge of the condition of the language of the period. Since the ancients

wrote, thousands of words have been incorporated with our language; what necessity, then, to go back to that which was poor and weak, when we have a far richer abundance to glean from? The best poem that could be written in the style of the ancients would be but an imitation after all.

Of words which are exactly the same in sound, but of different meanings, we have many examples;—these are *not rhymes*, and, though the student may point out scores of instances where they have been used by great poets, their use is not the less to be avoided. A great writer may commit a solecism which would not be tolerated by “a ’prentice hand.” To plead precedent for an error is only to perpetuate it. The most used, and, consequently, the most abused of these rhymes, which are no rhymes, is the word “art” with “heart.”

I will furnish the reader, as a matter of curiosity, with a few of the many instances where it has been used by great *authorities*, not one of whom would, I think, were they living, venture to defend it:—

As there is music uninformed by art,
In those wild notes with which a merry heart.—DRYDEN.

Mingling with wonders of profounder art,
Woman's dear helps to mystify the heart.—CROLY.

Oh! that the chemist's magic art
Long should it glitter near my heart.—ROGERS.

And fear in every heart
O'ercame the pilot's art.—ADDISON.

Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art !—COLLINS.
 Dear lost companion of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.—GRAY.
 And all thy threads with magic art
 Have wound themselves about this heart.—COWPER.
 It dies upon my heart. . . .
 O, beloved as thou art.—SHELLEY.
 If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
 I still might press thy silent heart.—REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

Instances like these might be cited *ad infinitum*. The poems from which they are taken are so beautiful that, in them, they become but slight blemishes; but to the beginner, who wishes to command smoothness of versification, and with whom power and passion are yet to be acquired, they ought to be avoided, not imitated.

"Ear" and "hear," "hair" and "air," "boy" and "buoy," "seas" and "seize," "ale" and "hale," "vane" and "vein," and all similar words having the same sound, though of different meanings, are inadmissible.

It may appear unnecessary to warn beginners against *imperfect* rhymes, but, as these pass so frequently undetected in amateur poetry, it may be as well to point some of them out, assuring my readers, however, that I have actually found them in print.

A very frequent oversight is the rhyming of words ending with the letter "n" with those ending with "m," as "green" with "beam," "stream" with "seen." Again,

"more" with "poor," "earth" with "hearth:" these are more than blemishes, they are positive faults, and I should not have alluded to them had I not, as I have said, frequently met with them.

Of double rhymes, formed of compound words, there are hardly any instances. "Wild-wood," to rhyme with "childhood," has done duty in so many modern ballad verses, that it would be as well to avoid it in future: a hackneyed rhyme like this is almost as objectionable using a hackneyed idea.

The greatest care must be taken in forming double and treble rhymes, or the reverse of a pleasing effect will be produced. I recently found, in a poem of great pretension, "Milton" made to rhyme with "guilt on," and, in a comic poem, to rhyme with the cheese called "Stilton." I think both rhymes were on a par with each other. In a young author's first volume I found "Italy" made to rhyme with "bitterly." Now, "Iterly," in the mouth of a public speaker, would condemn him as a thorough cockney. "Armies" with "calm is," was another of the same writer's cockney rhymes. I also found some very *bad* words (for rhymes) used in the poetry of "*Good Words*," a very successful and popular periodical:—

Come in your beauty of promise;
Let your sun-smile scatter *from us*.

For *examples* of false rhyming, any collection of psalms and hymns in use at most of our churches will supply

you with abundance. I turn over the first few pages of the one before me, and find "feet" rhyming, or rather pretending to rhyme, with "straight;" "love" with "prove;" "lead" with "fade;" "abode" with "God;" "faint" with "pant;" "song" with "tongue;" "clad" with "spread;" "come" with "down;" and scores of similar instances. In some cases rhymes are recklessly abandoned, as in this:—

Upon the glorious cherubim
Full royally he *rode*;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying from *above*.

Elisions that are not admissible are also constantly made use of, as "num'rous," "shew'st," &c.

These psalms and hymns being written to be sung, the falseness of the rhymes becomes more apparent and disagreeable. The examples are given to convince the student how necessary it is that his rhymes should be perfect.

The sound "ou" is one of the most perplexing the poet has to deal with. The word "wound" has often been made to rhyme with "sound;" to pronounce it so in speaking would be to commit a vulgarism, and not to pronounce it so when it occurs in a stanza, would be to abolish the rhyme altogether. It follows, then, that it cannot be properly used as a rhyme to "sound:" "wound" and "swooned" would be correct rhymes, but "swooned" is objectionable from its hissing properties.

Words ending in "ed" are generally the participles of

the regular verbs, of which there are two sorts; one that will admit of the elision of the "e" that precedes the consonant, and one that will not. Those that will admit of the elision should always be used so, as "lov'd," which must always be used as a single rhyme; the others, that will not suffer the elision, as "to grant," "to hate," forming their participles "granted" and "hated," remain as double rhymes.

The words "flower" and "bower" must also be always used as *single* rhymes (though there is no necessity to print them "flow'r" and "bow'r"), and rhyme with "hour," "lour," and the like.

The following elisions, which will frequently be found in the older poets, are not now allowable, viz:—that of the "o" before a noun beginning with a vowel—as t'air, t'every; or before a verb beginning with a vowel, as t'amaze, t'undo, &c.

"Taken" sometimes loses its "k," as *ta'en*, but should only be used so when quite unavoidable.

Before using a word as a rhyme, be sure to consider if it is pronounced as spelt. Some words are not so pronounced, as "again" (a-gen), which ought not to be rhymed with "rain," "pain," &c., but with "pen," "men," and the other rhymes in "en."

Walker, whose object was apparently to make a big book, divides rhymes, in his "Dictionary of Rhymes," into two classes—"perfect" and "allowable rhymes." This idea I entirely repudiate: a rhyme is a rhyme or it is not.

Lyric poetry should be especially music in words, and perfect harmony admits of no discords.

I cannot agree with him that "whatever has been constantly practised by our most harmonious poets may be safely pronounced to be agreeable to the genius of our poetry," any more than I can when he says, "there seems to be sometimes a beauty in departing from a perfect exactness of rhyme, as it agreeably breaks that sameness of returning sounds on the expecting ears." If the *expecting* ears are *disappointed*, how can it *agreeably* break the sameness? Nor do I think his further defence of this defect is logical when he says, "a want of perfect rhyme, if a *real imperfection*, is fully compensated by gaining access to a more eligible turn of thought; the most exact and harmonious rhyme would be dearly purchased at the expense of the most delicate abatement in the strength and beauty of an expression." Is the more eligible turn of thought, then, to turn poetry into prose? for such it becomes if divested of rhyme. But it is not necessary to abandon a happy turn of thought because a suitable rhyme cannot be hit upon at the moment. Our language is not so poor but that a score of ways may be found to give expression to the same thought, and no false rhyme need remain where an author will give himself the trouble to reconstruct his stanza or his couplet. If many of our poets can, as they do, put the thoughts of others into their own verse, what difficulty need they have in

reconstructing a passage that originates with themselves?

Take a line or two from a very graceful poet recently deceased, to illustrate this; one, too, who was lauded as the most original poet after Tennyson:—

Oh! there are men who linger on the stage
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause.

ALEX. SMITH.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.—JOHNSON.

My head is grey, my blood is young,
Red-leaping in my veins.—ALEX. SMITH.

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold, &c.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

You need not tinker at this leaking world,
'Tis ruined past all cure.—ALEX. SMITH.

There's something in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by-and-by.—TENNYSON.

A tender sadness drops upon my soul,
Like the soft twilight dropping on the world.

ALEX. SMITH.

And leave the world to darkness and to me.—GRAY.

I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
Oh, kiss me into faintness sweet and dim.

ALEX. SMITH.

I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.—SHELLEY.

Far above his head,
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds.—ALEX. SMITH.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and
The firmament sheweth his handiwork.—PSALM XIX. iv.

Alas ! the youth,
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart
As to live quiet days.—ALEX. SMITH.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.—BYRON.

I see no trace of God, till in the night,
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
He doth reveal himself to me in heaven :
My heart swells to Him as the sea to the moon ;
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars.—ALEX. SMITH.

Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven !
If in your brightness we can read the fate
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with, &c.—BYRON.

My heart is weak ; as a great globe, all sea,
It finds no shore to break on but thyself.
So let it break.—ALEX. SMITH.

Break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter, &c.

TENNYSON.

Even if these were unintentional imitations, they are

not the less evidence against Walker's dogma, that a false rhyme may be palliated for the sake of preserving an idea. Old Byshe, whose "Art of Poetry" lies in the corner of the room in Hogarth's picture of the Distressed Poet, is more honest; he supposes that "the difficulty of finding rhymes has been the cause that such indifferent ones have been frequently chosen," but he does not defend them.

If we are to admit imperfect rhymes and poetical licenses, then the study of poetry as an art becomes an unnecessary task, and the most random rhymers may take his place beside the most accomplished poet; but it is not so. The very instances Walker has adduced and defended, because, and only because, they have been found in poets of great repute, would not now be tolerated by the most lenient critic, and would assuredly bring down upon the writer who would use them his just reprehension.

It is well, however, that these solecisms have been pointed out to us. As our mariners are indebted to the early voyagers for those charts which mark out the hidden rocks and shoals from which they are to steer clear, so let us regard these rocks ahead which have been stumbled upon by those hardier chiefs who have sounded the unknown depths before us.

What modern writer would dare to pen—

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs their elemental tea ?—POPE.

a rhyme that would be appropriate in an Irish comic song; as would—

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of *praise*,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive *ease*.—PARNELL.

Or take the following :—

One sees her thighs transformed ; another *views*
Her arms shoot out, and branching into *boughs*.—ADDISON.

Fear not to tax an honourable *fool*,
Whose right it is uncensured to be *dull*.—POPE.

Just to thy fame he gives thy genuine *thought* ;
So Tully published what Lucretius *wrote*.—BROOME.

Green wreaths of bay his length of hair *inclose*,
A golden fillet binds his awful *brows*.—DRYDEN.

In praise so just, let every voice be *joined*,
And fill the general chorus of *mankind*.—POPE.

For who did ever in French authors *see*
The comprehensive English energy ?—ROSCOMMON.

Did e'er my eye one inward thought *reveal*,
Which angel might not hear, and virgins *tell* ?—PRIOR.

Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy *rock*,
A cowering shape half hid in curling *smoke*.—WORDSWORTH.

Blemishes like these in standard poets detract nothing from their fame; they have borne the heat and burden of their day, and have their reward in the high estimation in which their posterity holds them; but the beginner must be careful of such trippings: the race is to the

strong, and a fall at first may cause the fleetest to be distanced. No amount of criticism can now remove Pope and Dryden from their pedestals. Granted that these halting lines of theirs are faults,—there are spots in the sun.

There are some words that change their accent when they change the grammatical sense in which they are used, as when a noun becomes a verb. The most perplexing one of all these to the poets appears to have been the word “perfume;” but when the accent of a particular word becomes settled, it should be used as by custom and authority established. Walker has a long note on this word, and points out the various dictionaries where the accent is placed on the last syllable, whether as a substantive or a verb, but he adds: “The analogy of dissyllable nouns and verbs seems now to have fixed the accent of the substantive on the *first*, and that of the verb on the *last*,” and this is now the generally recognized accentuation.

To accent the substantive, as in the following lines by Milton, or the succeeding one by a modern poetess (Mrs. Hemans), would not be correct, according to this decision:—

Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, disperse
Native perfume, and whisper whence they stole
Their balmy sighs.
The sunbeam's glow, the citron flower's perfume.

It must be borne in mind, then, that the noun "perfume—sweet odour, or fragrance," is accented on the first syllable, as "*per*fume," while the verb active "perfume—to impregnate with sweet scent," is accented on the last, as "*per*fume."

By attending to the above rules, the beginner will soon be enabled to perfect himself in the art of forming rhymes. If his ear should be so faulty that he cannot depend on it, let him write his poem as best he may, putting down the thoughts as they occur to him, without waiting to examine the rhymes; his poem finished, he should then examine and sound them together, each pair of rhymes separately, to see if they perfectly agree. It may be he will find some false rhymes, then the line must be reconstructed, without altering the original sense, if possible.

I give an example to show how this can be accomplished, though I would not presume to alter a line of so distinguished a poet, supposing the poem came under my observation in an editorial capacity; indeed, whatever faults or blemishes may occur in a published poem, there they ought to remain, as far as others are concerned, when they once leave the author's hands; hence the greater necessity for a strict personal examination.

The example I select shall be the rhyming of "art" to "heart" already referred to. It occurs in a very beautiful lyric by Thomas Davis, the Irish bard, entitled "Darling Nell."

Why should I not take her into my heart?
She has not a morsel of guile or art :
Why should I not make her my happy wife,
And love her and cherish her all my life ?

Which might have been altered thus,—

Why should I not take her into my heart,
And make her mine own, of my life a part ?
Why should I not call her my happy wife,
And love her and cherish her all my life ?

Or,—

Why should I not take her into my heart ?
Not a morsel of guile could her own impart.


which would have been nearer to the original, but not so poetical.

I merely give this example to show how easily alterations can be made, though I am not unmindful of a certain anecdote related of Thomas Moore. "Sir," said to him an amateur vocalist, who had repeated the first part of the tune of one of the Irish Melodies contrary to the notation of the bard, "you perceive the improvements I have made in your song?" "At least," rejoined Moore, "I observe the alterations."

To the beginner I would say, never be afraid of altering, never send out to the world an imperfect poem; keep your manuscript by you as long as you can unpublished, and look at it at intervals; the longer you keep it, the more likely you will be to discover its imperfections, if any exist. Many an established poet has regretted rushing too precipitately into print.

CHAPTER III.

ON RHYTHM.

S I have said, I shall in this treatise abandon all those technical terms which, in the old scholastic treatises, under the heads of "Versification," and "Rules for making verses," have so bothered and bewildered the student, which never made a poet, and which would prescribe art to the condition of a cucumber grown in a tube and generated over a hot-bed.

To those who wish to know when they are employing a Trochee, an Iambus, a Spondee, a Phyrrie, a Dactyl, an Amphibrach, an Anapæst, or a Tribrach, there is Mr. Murray to refer to; the student will be better able to study rhythm by considering the best forms of verse that have been adopted and used by the best poets.

Rhythm, measure, or metre, is the arrangement of a certain number of syllables into lengths, or musical lines, having other lines of the same length, and with precisely the same accent, to correspond with them. These lines may follow each other, or be alternated

with other lines of longer, shorter, or similar lengths, which must also have their corresponding lines.* An elongation of the last line, as in the metre invented by Spenser, called hence the Spenserian stanza, and adopted by Byron in his "Childe Harold," is also admissible.

Each line in poetry consists of a certain number of feet, by which they can be measured or scanned. A foot in poetry is determined by the rise and fall of the accent, as—

In a wild | tranquil vale | fringed with fo | rests of green,
Where na | ture had fash | ioned a soft | sylvan scene;

Another syllable added to the second line of this couplet would not have altered its rhythmical accent, as—

Where kind na | ture had, &c.

The learned Pundits have reduced poetical feet to eight kinds, designated by the terms enumerated above, but if the beginner has no ear, these will not assist him; if he have one, he can easily measure off the feet for himself. †

* There is an exception to this where a foot is dropped in the concluding line, for which see examples of stanzas.

† The following ingenious lines by Coleridge explain the whole system, and are at the service of those who prefer to work by the rule and square :—

In scanning the lines it must be borne in mind that every line must agree perfectly with its corresponding line, not only throughout the stanza, but in every subsequent stanza. In Lyric poetry there ought to be no deviation from this rule.

A very simple plan for the beginner to test his rhythm is for him to find some old tune to which his first stanza will sing *perfectly*, and then to try over the subsequent

METRICAL FEET.

Trochee trips from long to short ;
 From long to long, in solemn sort,
 Slow Spondee stalks ; strong foot ! yet ill able
 Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllable.
 Iambics march from short to long ;
 With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts throng ;
 One syllable long, with one short at each side,
 Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride ;
 First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer
 Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-bred racer.

COLERIDGE.

The following is the scheme of the feet named. The mark \sim denotes a long, and \smile a short syllable :—

Trochee $\sim \smile$
 Dactyl $\sim \smile \smile$
 Spondee $\sim \sim$
 Anapest $\smile \smile \sim$
 Amphimacer $\sim \smile \sim$
 Iambus $\smile \sim$
 Amphibrach $\smile \sim \smile$

verses without varying the accent of the tune. I have seen thousands of printed stanzas, and marked "for music" too, in which to accomplish this would be a simple impossibility.

I will now proceed, still avoiding technicalities, to give the student examples of the various forms of verse and rhythm adopted by the poets, reminding him again, that he is perfectly at liberty to invent a new form of verse, if he can do so correctly, *i.e.* harmoniously.

In descriptive and narrative poetry, the couplet, *i.e.* verse in which the consecutive lines rhyme with each other, is the style of verse that has been most used.

THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

(From the German of Schiller.)

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

COLERIDGE.

SCHEME.

- - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - -
- - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - -

THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

(From the German of Schiller.)

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column ;
In the Pentametre aye falling in melody back.—COLERIDGE.

SCHEME.

- - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - -
- - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - -

1.—COUPLETS OF FOUR FEET IN EIGHT SYLLABLES.

When he who called with thought to birth
Yon tented sky—this laughing earth,
And drest with springs the forest dell,
And poured the main engirthing all,
Long by the loved enthusiast wooed,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And placed her on her sapphire throne.—COLLINS.

2.—COUPLETS OF FIVE FEET IN TEN SYLLABLES.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

GOLDSMITH.

3.—COUPLET OF SEVEN FEET IN FOURTEEN SYLLABLES.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
down.—MACAULAY.

4.—COUPLETS OF FOUR FEET IN SEVEN SYLLABLES.

Come, with all thy varied hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;

Now Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky.—DYER.

BLANK VERSE is measured language minus the rhymes : the finest specimens are to be found in Milton and Shakspeare.

Some modern professors of elocution and public readers have adopted the plan of reading blank verse as prose, instead of making every line sensible to the ear. Surely the poets who composed in verse intended that their lines should be read as verse, that the melody and the final pause should be preserved ; which it may be without going into the opposite extreme, familiarly known as the “sing-song” style. •

The following illustration is given in an old school treatise on versification, but will serve our purpose as well as any other :—

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden, till one greater man restore us, and regain the blissful seat, sing, heavenly muse !”

As an example of blank verse it reads, in its proper form, thus,—

5.—Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse!—MILTON.

The foregoing forms of rhythm are those chiefly adopted in epic poetry. Southey's epics display a great variety of measures, to which the student may refer when he is sufficiently exercised in those I have given.

LYRIC POETRY, and many longer poems which are not lyrics, is written in stanzas, as the "Childe Harold," &c.

6.—SPENSERIAN STANZA.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
BYRON.

As the student ought now be enabled to mark out the feet for himself, in giving specimens of the various forms of stanza, I shall distinguish them by the number of syllables employed in the lines, as 8-6, 8-5, and so on. The examples are taken from various portions of the poems to which they belong, the object being for the student to study the construction of the stanza, and not the subject-matter of the verses.

7.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 6-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each virgin like a spring
With honeysuckles crowned.—HERRICK.

8.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 6-10-10-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?—BRYANT.

9.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 7-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods.—COWPER.

10.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.—CAMPBELL.

11.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-8, DROPPING THE LAST LINE
TO 6. (*Alternate.*)

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man—and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.—JAS. MONTGOMERY.

12.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.—ROGERS.

13.—ANOTHER (*in couplets*).

That setting sun! that setting sun!
What scenes, since first his race begun,
Of varied hue its eye hath seen,
Which are as they had never been.—ANON.

14.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

If on windy days the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.—WORDSWORTH.

15.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 10-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

I have stood at morn on the mountain side,
When 'twas bright as a morn may be;
I have seen the sun in the noonday pride
Of his orient majesty.—ANON.

16.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 10-10. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.—GRAY.

17.—ANOTHER (*differently accented*).

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.—WOLFE.

18.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 11-11. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Oh! tell me no more of the forest and field,
 Old Ocean has breathed a new spirit in me;
 For the landscape, with all its enchantment, must
 yield
 To the nobler expanse of the dark-heaving sea!

ANON.

19.—ANOTHER (*in couplets*).

I gazed not alone on that source of my song:
 To all who beheld it these verses belong;
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord:
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored!

CAMPBELL.

The above thirteen examples will afford the student models enough for the formation of four-line stanzas. The same metres are available for the construction of eight-line stanzas, by carrying the text, or context, into the subsequent four lines; but every complete verse must close with a period.

20.—STANZAS OF FIVE LINES, 4-8. (*Alternate and divided triplet.*)

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.—WALLER.

21.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-8. (*Divided triplet and
suspended rhyme.*)

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

22.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 6-5, AND ONE 12. (*Alternate
and divided triplet.*)

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair?

HEMANS.

23.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 7-5, AND ELONGATED LINE.
(*The same varied.*)

Come, let us go to the land
Where the violets grow;
Let's go thither, hand in hand,
Over the waters, over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow.

BARRY CORNWALL.

24.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-4. (*Divided triplet and suspended rhyme.*)

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breathed back again!—T. MOORE.

25.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-4. (*Couplet and triplet.*)

Oh, tread not on a virgin flower!
 I am the maid of the midnight hour;
 I hear sweet sleep
 To those who weep,
 And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

BARRY CORNWALL.

26.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-4. (*Quadruple and two suspended rhymes.*)

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.—BURNS.

27.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 6-6. (*Two couplets and a suspended rhyme.*)

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.—SHAKESPEARE.

28.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-5. (*Rhyme same as last.*)

When glowworm lamps illumine the scene,
 And silvery daisies dot the green,
 Thy flowers revealing,
 Perchance to soothe the Fairy-queen,
 With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
 Thy soft bells pealing.—ANON.

29.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate and a couplet.*)

For pleasure has not ceased to wait
 On these expected annual rounds,
 Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
 Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
 Or they are offered at the door
 That guards the lowliest of the poor.

WORDSWORTH.

30.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-6. (*Quadruple and two
 suspended rhymes.*)

Or where the denser grove receives
 No sunlight from above,
 But the dark foliage interweaves
 In one unbroken roof of leaves,
 Underneath whose sloping eaves
 The shadows hardly move.—LONGFELLOW.

- 31.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-6. (*One set of rhymes only, alternate.*)

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.—COLERIDGE.

- 32.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-6. (*A triplet, a couplet, and suspended rhyme.*)

Oh! thou art glorious, orb of day;
Exulting nations hail thy ray,
Creation swells a choral lay
To welcome thy return;
From thee all nature draws her hues,
Thy beams the insect's wings suffuse,
And in the diamond burn.—HEMANS.

- 33.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate, divided triplet, and couplet.*)

Methinks I love all common things;
The common air, the common flower;
The dear kind common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?—BARRY CORNWALL.

- 34.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-8, WITH ONE 6. (*Alternate, divided triplet, and couplet.*)

Unblest distinction! showered on me
 To bind a lingering life in chains :
 All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
 Is gone; but not the subtle stains
 Fixed in the spirit; for even here
 Can I be proud that jealous fear
 Of what I was remains?—WORDSWORTH.

- 35.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 7-7. (*Alternate, with a divided triplet, and two short lines rhymed.*)

By a mountain stream, at rest,
 We found the warrior lying,
 And around his noble breast
 A banner clasped in dying;
 Dark and still
 Was every hill,
 And the winds of night were sighing.

HEMANS.

Of eight-line Stanzas there is a great variety of forms. They may be made of triplets with a suspended couplet, forming the fourth and eighth line, in alternately rhymed lines, in couplets, in six alternate lines and a couplet, and in other ways, as the following examples will show:—

- 36.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-4. (*Two triplets and suspended rhyme.*)

Where the wild torrent flows,
 Where the wind rudely blows,

There the dark water goes
Down to the sea ;
To the far ocean-caves,
That the sea gently laves,
Seeking its kindred waves,
There to be free !—ANON.

37.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-5. (*Two triplets, and
suspended rhyme.*)

I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

LONGFELLOW.

38.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-6. (*Two triplets, and
suspended rhyme.*)

If stranger hands might dare
A wild-flower wreath prepare,
The sweet enthusiast's hair,
Her flowing hair, to bind ;
Oh ! I would haste to bring
The violets of the spring,
Whose odours scent the wing
Of every passing wind.—ANON.

39.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 5-6, TRIPLET OF 6 AND 5.

(*Alternate, triplet, and divided triplet.*)

Stars look o'er the sea
 Few, and sad, and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be
 When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more—our prayer fulfilling—
 Power dwells with thee !—HEMANS.

40.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 7-5. (*Triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

By oppressions, woes, and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !
Lay the proud usurpers low ;
Tyrants fall in every foe ;
Liberty's in every blow ;
 Let us do or die !—BURNS.

41.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-7. (*Split triplets, and a couplet.*)

If you are for ever doubting,
 If you thus my love revile,
If you are for ever pouting
 When I covet most your smile,

All my pretty speeches flouting
That your coldness would beguile,—
How can I be kind to you?
How can I believe you true?

BALLAD STANZA.

42.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Hushed the tempest's wild commotion,
Winds and waves had ceased their war;
O'er the wide and sullen ocean
That shrill sound is heard afar.
And comes it as a note of gladness
To thy tired spirit? wanderer, tell:
Or rather, does my heart's deep sadness
Wake at that sweet sabbath bell?

BISHOP TURNER.

43.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Lo! streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool;
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent
On that green mountain's side.

WORDSWORTH.

44.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate, and couplets.*)

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
In-whit, to-whoo! a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

45.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace:
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!

KIRKE WHITE.

46.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 7-8. (*Broken triplet, couplet, and suspended rhyme.*)

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
Singeth in his summer nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling autumn wind hath stirred
The beauty of thy rest:

But winter cometh, and decay
Shall waste thy verdant home away.
Then pray, child, pray!—ANON.

47.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-4. (*Triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

There feed and take thy balmy rest,
There weave thy little cotton nest,
And may no cruel hand molest
Thy timid bride;
Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine
Be offered on th' unfeeling shrine,
Where some dark beauty loves to shine
In gaudy pride.—ANON.

48.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-9. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister, weeping, walked
The greenwood path, to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.
LOGAN.

49.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9-8. (*With triplets.*)

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,

To melt and sink unseen and forgot ;
And then will my course be ended ? ”
’T was thus a feathery snow-flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid-air suspended.—GOULD.

50.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9-9. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech’s more beautiful green,
But a sweet briar entwines it around,
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
Can more charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHENSTONE.

51.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

But thou, proud man ! the beggar scorning,
Unmoved who saw’st me kneel for bread,
Thy heart shall ache to hear that morning,
That morning found the beggar dead ;
And when the room resounds with laughter,
My famished cry thy mirth shall scare,
And often shalt thou wish hereafter,
Thou had’st not scorned the orphan’s prayer.

M. G. LEWIS.

52.—STANZA OF NINE LINES, 10-10. (*A quadruple, alternate, and triplet.*)

Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,
 And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,
 That haply some lone musing wight may spell
 Dainty Aminta, gentle Rosalind,
 Or chastest Laura—sweetly called to mind
 In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;
 And sometimes we enrich grey stones with twined
 And vagrant ivy, or rich moss, whose brown
 Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.—HOOD.

See also the Spenserian Stanza (example, page 29), which is formed by nine lines, eight of ten syllables in five feet, and an extra line of six feet rhyming with the last line.

53.—STANZA OF NINE LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate, split triplet, and couplet.*)

I saw him on the battle eve,
 When, like a king he bore him ;
 Proud hosts were there, in helm and greave,
 And prouder chiefs before him :
 The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
 The morrow, and the morrow's needs—
 No daunting thought came o'er him ;
 He looked around him, and his eye
 Defiance flashed to earth and sky !
MISS JEWSBURY.

54.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 8-7. (*Couplets, suspended and alternate rhymes.*)

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage
 With feeble step and slow ;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er ;
Yet age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.—SOUTHEY.

55.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate, couplets, and suspended.*)

To each his sufferings ; all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more :—where ignorance is bliss
 'Tis folly to be wise.—GRAY.

56.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 10-8. (*Couplets.*)

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, beauteous May ! that dost inspire

Truth, and youth, and warm desire ;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our earnest song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—MILTON.

57.—STANZA OF ELEVEN LINES, 10-8. (*Suspended, couplets,
and triplet.*)

Philosophy, the great and only heir

Of all that human knowledge which has been

Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,

Though full of years he do appear,

Has still been kept in nonage till of late,

Nor managed or enjoyed his vast estate ;

Instead of carrying him to see

The riches which do hoarded from him lie

In Nature's endless treasury,

They close his eye to entertain

With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.

COWLEY.

58.—STANZA OF TWELVE LINES, 10-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

I am the daughter of earth and water,

And the nursling of the sky ;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air—
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I rise and unbuild it again.—SHELLEY.

59.—STANZA OF TWELVE LINES, 7-3. (*Couplets and alternate.*)

In his distant cradle nest
 Now my babe is laid to rest;
 Beautiful his slumber seems,
 With a glow of heavenly dreams;
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray
 For the loved one far away.
 Father, guard that household bower,
 Hear that prayer!
 Back, through thine all-guiding power,
 Lead me there.—HEMANS.

60.—STANZA OF FOURTEEN LINES. (*The Sonnet.**)

Scorn not the Sonnet! Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours: with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked the heart; the melody

* It may be as well to caution the student, that every short

Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow ; a glowworm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faëry-land
To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

WORDSWORTH.

The student has now before him sixty distinct forms of verse. The examples might be considerably increased ; but, if he work diligently in a few of them, he will soon be enabled to form metres for himself. He will observe that though the stanzas are marked 10-6, 8-7, &c., this does not *invariably* denote the number of syllables employed in the construction of the lines, but rather the

poem of fourteen lines is not necessarily a Sonnet. The strict Sonnet should consist of two quatrains and two tercets, and as much skill is required for the management of the latter as the former. The rhymes of the last six lines are capable of many arrangements ; but the plan, so frequently adopted in English sonnets, of making the fifth and sixth (last two lines of the Sonnet) rhyme, is incorrect, as giving the force of an epigram rather than the tenderness and delicacy appertaining to the Sonnet.

number that would be employed, supposing every one was fully accented. As in a bar of music there are notes of different duration, so in a foot in poetry there may be words that are slightly or fully accented: for example, a bar in common time must only contain four crotchets, or notes to the same value, so must the foot in poetry not be continued beyond its proper *quantity* in words or syllables.

It must also be borne in mind that the metre should always be appropriate to the subject treated of. The measure of the following lines, in which the rise and fall of the accent is suggested by the words, will illustrate this:—

The foot of music is on the waters;
Hark! how fairly, sweetly it treads.
As in the dance of Orestes' daughters,
Now it advances, and now recedes.

The following is the scheme:—

~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~
 ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~
 ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~
 ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~

There are certain metres (not given above) belonging to, and so identified with, particular poems, for which they were invented, that it is not prudent to work in them; as Edgar Poe's "Raven," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Cowper's lines to Mrs. Unwin, "My Mary," &c. The

best poem that could be written in these metres would only be a parody, or at best, an imitation.

Rhythm will be perfect or imperfect according as the words are correctly or incorrectly accented; for, though the poet may change the accent of a word by the place in which he puts it in a line, he may be assured that the reader will not do so. A few examples of incorrect accent will illustrate this:—

These are my own loved native hills,
Verdant and bright and green ;
And dearly my footsteps love to roam
Each old familiar scene.

Neither of these lines agrees with its corresponding line. You get “*verdant*” against “each old,” and “and dearly” against “these are.” All the harmony of the verse is destroyed by the lame feet.

Another example, also from a published song :—

I used to dream in *childhood*
Of the gay green wood to-morrow,
And days and nights brought *happiness*,
Without one care or sorrow.

The penultima of the last line disagrees with its fellow, and this infringes one of the canons of poetry.

A few more lines, with their corresponding lines, will be sufficient to warn the student against falling into similar errors :—

Exchange, or Eld, their points discuss,
O'er the remains of geni-us.

Then, let us not mourn that the flower was borne:
She blooms 'neath Mercy's radiant morn.

I would not see thee when thy cheek
Less brilliant was, for the beam
Gone, would make me in sorrow seek
To count the days since thou wert seen.

NOTE.—Mr. George L. Craik, whose position, as “Professor of History and of English Literature,” in Queen’s College, Belfast, entitles him to respectful consideration, has stated, in his “English of Shakspeare,” a somewhat strange, and I venture to think, very original theory. He says, “The mechanism of verse is a thing altogether distinct from the music of verse. The one is a matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling.” If this be so, and the taste and feeling are not expressed in accordance with the “matter of rule,” what becomes of the music? “But, then,” says Mr. Craik, “music is not an absolute necessity of verse. There are cases in which it is not even an excellence or desirable ingredient,” and it is upon this that I must beg to join issue with him.* He adds, “No rules can be given for the production of music;” and if by the “production” he means the “composition” of music, in the same sense that he means the making of poetry, to this I

* “The poet, briefly described, is he whose existence constitutes a new experience, who sees life newly, assimilates it emotionally, and contrives to utter it *musically*. His qualities, therefore, are triune. His sight must be individual, his reception of impressions must be emotional, and his utterance *must be musical*; deficiency in any one of these qualities is fatal to his claims for office.”—*David Gray and other essays*.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.


The last example outrages both rhyme and metre, but it is, alas! a "modern instance" of Magazine poetry (?)

reply, that no music can be composed unless by rule, governed by the laws of harmony, which are fixed and defined, as, no doubt, the Professor of that art at Queen's College, Belfast, would have told his learned colleague, had he taken the trouble to inquire. Mr. Craik, however, in a sentence a little further on, contradicts himself, for he continues, "The mechanical law, or form, is universally indispensable. It is that which constitutes the verse. It may be regarded as the substance; musical character, as the accident or ornament." This is not so. However fine might be the words employed, the sentiments expressed, unless the mechanical law is complied with, a discord would be produced, and there would be no music. It is the harmony of the line, as expressed by the "mechanical law or form," that makes the music, *i.e.* makes the perfect verse.



CHAPTER IV.

ON STYLE.

TYLE, in poetry, must always remain a matter of individual taste and feeling. As there is no positive standard of beauty, so is there no arbitrary test of art; but there are certain conventional forms which we accept as substitutes, and certain models by which we are enabled to make comparisons.

It is generally admitted that poetry differs from prose and the ordinary language of conversation, not alone by the measures and rhymes which constitute its outer framework, but by those figures of speech, metaphors, images, and lingual ornaments by which it is embellished. Wordsworth alone, of all our poets, has endeavoured to establish a different doctrine, and to recommend that poetry should be formed "as far as possible of a selection of the language really spoken by men." This would be to form mere rhyme; and where this plan has been adopted, we at once see the distinction between good poetry and bald verse. Wordsworth himself was too much of a poet to carry out, in the greater part of his writings, his own plan.—

Much did it taunt the humbler Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth—

is not the sort of language “really *spoken* by men;” nor do men in ordinary conversation use such exclamations as “And lo!” “Much did it,” “Maternal Flora,” “Behold the mighty morn,” “Ah me!” “Forth sprang,” “Thou knowest,” “Fame tells,” “Hail, orient conquerer!” all of which are proper to poetry, and occur within a few pages of one of Wordsworth’s numerous volumes.

Again, in ordinary conversation, and in elegant prose writing, a man says all that he has got to say upon a subject, explaining it clearly and precisely; but in poetry the effect is produced, not so much by what is expressed in absolute words, as by what the words suggest, by the ideas which they convey, and the feelings and associations that may spring from them. Poetry should excite emotion in the breast of the reader, and to effect this the poet must lift him into the realms of imagination, dazzling him by its grandeur; or he must open his heart to him, and by tenderness, grace, fancy, feeling, and pathos, awake in that of his reader a kindred spell.

The styles of poetry are various. For

FIRE, DASH, ACTION, Scott may be taken as an example. Scott, inspired by the olden ballads, of which he was an enthusiastic student, selected for his ground a field that had long lain fallow. He brushed the cobwebs

off the past, regilded the knight's armour, unfolded the moth-eaten banner, called up the echoes of the clang of arms, lit up the ancient banquet hall, and revived the picturesque splendour, the pomp and pride of antique chivalry. His poems were chiefly written in couplet lines of eight syllables, in four feet. If they excited no tender emotions, they kept the heart beating: beauty and bravery was their theme, and what appeals so directly and at once to the hearts of Englishmen? For poems embodying historic recollections, they may be studied with advantage.

Manners, customs, scenery, and costume enter into this class of composition, as does dialogue (not dramatic), introduced by connecting words, as "Thus spake," &c. These poems partake of the character of the historical novel, and are known as the "metrical chronicle," or "chivalrous romance." As in Scott, they may be lightened and embellished by the introduction of shorter lyrics, like the songs incidental to an opera, which illustrate while they serve to carry on the plot.

STRENGTH AND VIGOUR is nowhere to be found more strikingly displayed than in the writings of Lord Byron. He must, however, be studied for style, and not weighed by the great law of ethics. In his works will be found the highest flashes of poetical genius; his muse is a bright, brilliant, fascinating beauty; but, like all beauties devoid of virtue, her spells are dangerous. Byron's descriptive powers—what the Germans call word-painting

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—were enormous. “The Eve of the Battle,” beginning, “There was a sound of revelry by night,” from the “Childe Harold,” will alone serve to convince the student of what poetry is capable of achieving in bringing an enacted scene to the mind’s eye of the reader.

GRANDEUR is a quality in poetry not to be achieved by a minor bard, and not to be found in many who have been, by common consent, classed among the major ones. The grandest of all poets in diction is Shakspeare; and for his subjects, Milton. The lines in Shakspeare, “The cloud-capt towers,” convey the greatest idea of vastness and grandeur it is possible to conceive. The “Paradise Lost,” which contains many weak lines, has, on the other hand, some of the grandest in the language. Shakspeare and Milton will scarcely be emulated by those who have need of a handbook of poetry; but, as the merest tyro in drawing ought to copy from the purest and severest models of the art, so ought Shakspeare and Milton to be attentively read by all who even dream of clothing their thoughts in verse.

FANCY, SWEETNESS, AND MELODY find their exponent in Thomas Moore. Moore is all honey; he almost cloyes you with his excessive sweetness. To listen to his poetry is as if some one should take you into a conservatory where there was the perfume of the toilet added to the natural odour of the flowers. It is as a Lyric Poet that he should be chiefly studied. No poet ever more thoroughly ran through every change of the lyre than Thomas

Moore. He entirely understood what a song ought to be—a speciality. Its theme may be varied; it may be patriotic, it may be bacchanal, it may be a lay of love, or it may be descriptive of your mistress's eyebrow, or of a ruined abbey, but it must contain a *sentiment*, the picture must call up some feeling, call back some memory. Mere description won't do; there must be something that causes a thrill of emotion to vibrate in the heart. Take Moore's descriptive songs. What can be more descriptive than "The meeting of the waters?" You seem to realize the scene, and yet how admirably the sentiment is blended with it.

'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

As the art of song-writing will be more particularly alluded to in a subsequent chapter, it is unnecessary to pursue the subject further here. Sweetness, tenderness, and expression may be attained without the great elaboration which these qualifications have obtained at the hands of Moore.

RURAL IMAGERY has never been carried to greater perfection than in the songs and lyrics of Robert Burns. Of Burns it has been said, "His conceptions were all original, his thoughts were all new and weighty, his style unborrowed, and he owes no honour to the subjects which his Muse selected, for they are ordinary, and such as would have tempted no poet, save himself, to sing

about."* He turned his eyes to lowly objects—the mountain daisy, the poor field-mouse, the wounded hare, &c., and proved by the magic of his genius that among the lowliest are still the holiest of things. For natural objects and their associations, Burns is the best model that can be studied. Many other writers have accurately described rural scenery, but where they have done so without imagery, their poetry has not endured; it has bordered too closely on descriptive *verse* to be acknowledged as poetry.

PATHOS AND SENTIMENT, combined with a tone of melancholy, tempered by sweetness, are the attributes of most of our lady writers, the chief of whom, as regards modern verse, is Mrs. Hemans. To the writings of this lady more youthful poets and poetesses owe their inspiration than to any recent writer. Domestic troubles, the home affections, and other kindred subjects, formed the groundwork of many of her poems. The student must, however, be cautioned against giving his verses a tone of morbid sentimentality. The object of true poetry is akin to that of true religion, to make us happier and more contented in our stations, and not to feel with Rogers, in those much bequizzed lines of his,—

There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay.

* Allan Cunningham.

Mrs. Hemans displays considerable originality in her phraseology, and her rhythms are varied and ingenious, while the religious tone of her verses make them suitable models for imitation.

SMOOTHNESS AND EXPRESSION are exemplified in Pope to a degree that amounts to perfection; for the liquid flow of his versification, the harmony of his numbers, the model poet of all times, he has never been surpassed by those who have succeeded him. But Pope must be studied for his skill in execution. He appeals more to the ear than to the heart, and nowhere lifts us into the realms of imagination, or thrills us with a wild dream of passion, as does Byron, and others who have caught much of his facility, and beautified and embellished his style. Completeness of design, terseness of diction, pleasing images, sweetness of verse, and strong reflective good sense, form the chief qualities of his writings; but we look in vain for pathos. As "the master of the school" of correctly rhymed language, it is to Pope that we must turn for the most valuable lessons in the art.

IMAGERY has been crowded into modern verse to an extent that has, in many cases, rendered it obscure; yet imagery, used with discretion, is the chief thing that constitutes the difference between poetic and prosaic language. Alfred Tennyson and Alexander Smith have indulged in an over-crowding of images that has led them into a mannerism of phraseology by no means acceptable to the admirers of pleasing verse. By their

subtlety of thought they have rendered their writings acceptable to the scholar and deep thinker, but they have excluded themselves from that larger and outer world, the general public, by which a great and widespread reputation can alone be made and retained. Reading their poetry is like gold-seeking: you are so intent on picking out the nuggets, that you care little for their surroundings. There are plenty of pleasing images in Burns, but we don't lose the beauty of the setting in the dazzle of the gems. As a study of how image upon image may be crowded into verse, and of what imagery in poetry is, these writers may be consulted with advantage.

SATIRE is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a poet, and the proverb about "edged tools" should always be remembered by those who indulge in it.* Few writers of satirical verse have not found reasons for wishing that much that they had perpetrated could be *unwritten*. There is, moreover, in writing satire, a tendency to indulge in that which is fatal to all poetry — vulgarity. For any permanent reputation that can be gained by writing satire, the time is usually thrown away; the objects satirized pass into oblivion, and with them the satire they called forth. Swift, who united the coarsest of matter with the smoothest of verse, may be regarded as the greatest satirical poet; yet few would covet the sort of notoriety, which, though a celebrity, is scarcely fame, that posterity has bestowed upon this writer.

Satire requires to be written in the most polished verse.

Satire in doggerel debases the satirist beneath the matter satirized, however mean or low it may be.

Swift, Pope in "The Dunciad," Gifford in "The Baviad," and Byron's "English Bards," are the works to be consulted by the would-be satirist.

WIT AND HUMOUR differ from satire, inasmuch as they are pleasing and humanizing, while the latter is caustic and cutting; yet both may be written under the generic title of comic verse. Wit and humour, however, differ from each other, as they both differ from satire. A few moments devoted to the consideration of this distinction, and the authorities that can be brought to bear upon it, may be useful to the student in this branch of the poetic art.

Some writers place "wit" above "humour" in the scale of mental qualification, and some reverse the position. "Wit," Bulwer Lytton makes one of his characters observe, "is the philosopher's quality, humour, the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humour to persons; wit utters brilliant truths, humour delicate deductions from the knowledge of individual character." This I believe to be pretty near the truth, as we accept the terms at the present time, when comparing one man's writing with another's; though, after all,—

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

And there are in the world those hard, dry, and mecha-

nical geniuses, that all wit and humour is a mystery to them.

Dryden explained wit to be "a propriety of thoughts and words," or, in other words, only giving a general character of all good writing; while Congreve, who was both a wit and a humorist, modestly confessed, "we cannot tell what wit and humour are."*

Another expositor, who places humour above wit, says, "It is felt to be a higher, finer, and more genial thing than wit, or the mere ludicrous. It is the combination," he suggests, "of the laughable with an element of tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection." "Now, wit sweetened by a kind loving expression, becomes humour. Men who have little tenderness in their nature, or whose language and manners are destitute of soft, warm, and affectionate feeling, cannot be humorists, however witty they may be." There is no humour, as this writer understands the term, in Butler, Pope, Swift, Dryden, or Ben Jonson.

Wit may be soured as well as sweetened, and satire and irony used unsparingly may produce a painful impression, and deprive those who use them of any pretension to be considered as humorists.

* The reader is referred to an elaborate article, illustrative of "Barrow on Wit," in the "New Monthly Magazine," for March, 1857, to which the author is indebted for some of the authorities quoted, and to the author of which he acknowledges his obligations for some of the opinions he has adopted.

There is little doubt that wit was originally the general term for all the intellectual powers—the faculties which see, know, and understand, and was gradually narrowed to its present signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas and the blending of them so as to cause a surprise to the understanding.

According to this view “wit exists by antipathy, humour by sympathy; wit laughs *at* things, humour with them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates foibles into character; humour glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it details, and represents the whole man.” To illustrate this by some names the reader is well acquainted with, Jerrold and Thackeray are wits, Goldsmith and Dickens humorists.

“Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humour is slow, and insinuates its fun into your heart.” If we accept these definitions, a man of talent may be a wit, but a genius can alone be a great humorist.

Among the modern definitions of wit, that of Leigh Hunt may be quoted. He says, “Wit may be defined to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, generally of both.” He calls it “the clash and reconciliation of incongruities; the meeting of extremes round a corner; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resem-

blance or connection. It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or the extreme points of antipathy themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their meeting. The form or mode is comparatively of no consequence, provided it give no trouble to the comprehension; and you may bring as many ideas together as can pleasantly assemble. But a single one is nothing; two ideas are as necessary to wit as couples are to marriages, and the union is happy in proportion to the agreeableness of the offspring."

Had Leigh Hunt been writing of Thomas Hood, he could not have more aptly summed up his special qualities in this branch of his art, for I look upon Hood as one of the greatest wits of the age. So determined was he in his propensity to "reconcile incongruities," to make words of opposite meaning clash and yet combine,—in other words, so inveterate a punster was he, that he did not scruple to bring even repulsive and disagreeable things to bear upon his subject, such as suicide, murder, death, and the grave; but, it must be added, never in a mocking spirit, nor with an unworthy motive.

Hazlitt has admirably pointed out where the danger of representing serious matters in a comic light actually lies. He says, "Surprise at perceiving anything out of its usual place, where the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger, is always pleasurable, and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances

of danger becomes tragic; in other words, while the mere suddenness of transition, the mere baulking our expectations, and turning them suddenly into another channel, seems to give additional liveliness and gaiety to the animal spirits, the instant the change is not only sudden, but threatens serious consequences, or calls up the shape of danger, that instant is our disposition to mirth superseded by terror, and laughter gives place to tears."

Thomas Hood, James and Horace Smith, the "Ingoldsby Legends" (Barham), and Mr. W. M. Thackeray's *Ballads*, afford ample scope in which to study the various rhythms and methods adopted by the writers of wit and humour.

Having pointed out the various styles that predominate in the poetry of certain writers, the student must observe that they all enter more or less into every class of metrical composition; and it is by a happy blending of all these essential qualifications that anything like eminence can be attained. He will probably lean to some particular one, according to the bent of his own inclination, or the requirements of the subject upon which he proposes to treat; but not the less should they all be carefully studied and considered.

Not less in poetry than in prose writing is perspicuity an essential element; it is that which gives clearness of diction, while the choice of words gives elegance of phraseology. The requirements of poetry will generally determine the length of the sentences; but, as inversion

of language is frequently resorted to for the sake of a rhyme, it must be used with the greatest care, and very slightly, or obscurity will be sure to result.

As an instance of inversion of language, and the danger arising from it, take the following from the well-known psalm commencing, "My soul, praise the Lord; speak good of his name:"—

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which, as his chariots, are made him to bear;
And there, with much swiftness, his course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding, of winds in the air;

from the ludicrous effect of which even its sacred character does not permit us to escape.

The confusion of the Tenses (by which is meant, in grammar, the distinction of time) is one of the most frequent errors into which young writers are apt to fall. For instance, you may frequently meet with a stanza beginning in the perfect tense, such as—

I have loved thee, maiden, dearly,
For thy smiles with bliss were fraught;

and then going off into the imperfect tense, thus:—

Yes! I loved her for her beauty,
Never absent from my thought.

The reader will say "this is doggerel," and with truth; but it is better to write grammatical doggerel than to sacrifice both sense and grammar.

Here is another verse from a song:—

Thou hast sworn my bride to be, love,
And my word to thee is passed ;
All my hopes are fixed on thee, love,
You may trust me to the last.

“*Thou hast*” is in the second person singular of the indicative mood, present tense, of the auxiliary verb “to have.” “*Thou may’st*,” being also an auxiliary verb in the same tense, ought to have been used here instead of “*you may*,” which is only used in the plural in this tense.

The constant use of the auxiliary verb, as in the lines,—

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory *does* rejoice ;

must be avoided as a vulgarism, not now to be tolerated in elegant verse. In brief, the rules of grammar must be as strictly followed in poetry as in prose ; and unless the beginner has mastered his own language, he will have but little chance of succeeding in that of the Muses’ and the Graces’.

CHAPTER V.

ON ORNAMENT.

POETRY is ornamented by tropes, imagery, figures, similes, and metaphors. A metaphor is the application of a word to another use than that its original meaning implies; it is also called in poetry a "figure of speech," or a simile. The use of metaphor is likewise called imagery, since it likens one thing to another which it is not, but with which it will bear a comparison, and thus turn what would be a homely phrase into an apt poetical conceit.

Figurate language is of very ancient date; the most barbarous nations use it, and it seems to be as natural to the untutored savage as it is attainable by the most accomplished linguist. An address of condolence recently sent to Her Majesty the Queen, on the lamented demise of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, by the native New Zealand chiefs, was as full of imagery as many of the finest poems in our language. What better proof that it is grateful to the perceptive faculties of man, since it is not so much the result of civilization, as the carrying out of one of

those grand principles for which language, in its unbounded variety, was given to us.

For an author to say, "I reaped my harvest early in the day," in allusion to his having been rewarded for his efforts early in life, would be for him to use a metaphor; he reaped no harvest in the harvest-field, but no one can mistake the meaning. "I made my money in my early days" would be the plain English of it, and correspond with the sentence in rhythm, but what would become of the *poetry*?

Metaphors should never be crowded together, as I have before explained; it is difficult for the mind to grasp a number of brilliant objects presented in quick succession.

METAPHOR is founded on comparison: in contradistinction to it is ANTITHESIS, one of the most useful figures in poetry, since it is the contrast or opposition of two objects. Light and shade are always charming in a picture, whether the medium producing it be the pencil or the pen.

As an example of antithesis we cannot improve on that selected in the old familiar volume of our schoolboy days,—

Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

APOSTROPHE can be used but seldom in poetry. It is the turning off from the regular course of the subject to address some person or thing, as "Oh, death! where is thy sting?" Here is an example from Mrs. Hemans:—

And his cold still glance on my spirit fell
 With an icy ray and a withering spell—
 Oh ! chill is the house of sleep !

In these lines we have the metaphor “icy ray” as well as the apostrophe.

Here is another example:—

Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
 And seek with Him that bower of blessedness—
 Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven !

ALLEGORY is more a style of writing in itself than an ornament introduced into poetry. An allegory is, however, sometimes admitted in the course of a long poem. It may be described as a sustained metaphor, or the carrying out of an idea by one set of objects that are made to represent others. It is considered by modern writers to be an inflated style of composition, and is not frequently resorted to.

HYPERBOLE is a figure applied to exaggeration, to express where an object is magnified beyond its natural bounds. Many examples might be given with weighty names attached, but the careful student need scarcely be warned against falling into this error. Here is one example, from an elegantly printed volume of poems, picked up at a book-stall:—

Oh ! minstrel ! never sing again
 Such *plaintive notes* unto me ;
 They make me deem *this world a den*
Of fiends who aye pursue me.

TROPES AND IMAGERY also consist in an idea, or a set of ideas, being expressed by other objects than themselves, but with which they are associated in the imagination of the poet, and familiarly conveyed to the mind of the reader.

The following are some of the best examples to be found in modern verse:—

It was his nature
To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
To leaf itself in April.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweep,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

His soul was rich ;
And this his book unveils it, as the night
Her panting wealth of stars.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Some maid of the waters, some naiad, methought
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye.—THOMAS HOOD.

And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
To the rich breeze of song.—MRS. HEMANS.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind.—KEATS.

One who shall hallow poetry to God
And to his own high use ; for poetry is
The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I saw the skirts of the departing year.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Oh, star-eyed science! hast thou wandered there?

T. CAMPBELL.

Along the pebbled shore of memory.—KEATS.

A solitary swan her breast of snow

Launches against the wave.—T. HOOD.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide

Of years have flowed!—MRS. HEMANS.

What lit your eyes with tearful power,

Like moonlight on a falling shower!—TENNYSON.

Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—

A little heaven, above dissention's reach.—CAMPBELL.

The stars among the branches hang like fruit;

So, hopes were thick within me.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

With trumpet-voice thy spirit called aloud.

MRS. HEMANS.

In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere

That gems the starry girdle of the year.—CAMPBELL.

We coursed about

The subject most at heart, more near and near,

Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round

The central wish, until we settled there.—TENNYSON.

Then in the boyhood of the year.—TENNYSON.

Repentant day

Frees with his dying hand the pallid stars

He held imprisoned since his young hot dawn.

Now watch with what a silent step of fear
They'll steal out one by one, and overspread
The cool delicious meadows of the night.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I was a cloud
That caught its glory from a sunken sun,
And gradual burned into its native grey.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

The ghost of one bright hour
Comes from its grave and stands before me.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

The garrulous sea is talking to the shore ;
Let us go down and hear the greybeard's speech.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

In contradistinction to the foregoing "gems of thought," it may be as well to point out, in a few examples, what is meant by *prosaic* lines:—

She listened to the sound,
Till almost out of breath.

The summer's sun is shining down
With its accustomed heat.

But now my lovers all are gone,
The harp I cannot bear.

Thy cheeks are like the Christmas rose
Instead of that of June ;
The tear-drop trembles in thine eyes ;
Thy voice seems out of tune.

The battle there they nobly won,
And though their loss was great,
 Their strength maintained them in the fight,
Nor did their zeal abate.

But enough of *such* examples. I would not wound the tender susceptibilities of the most harmless bard. I only hope that those who do me the favour to study my "handbook" will do better.

COMPOUND WORDS are among the most graceful ornaments that poetry is capable of receiving. A few of them, selected from the standard poets, may be useful to the young student, but it would be better that he should, in all cases, invent new ones for himself.

Book-world	applied to	the world of letters, literary society.
Bright-haired	„	light, flaxen hair.
Blood-nursed	„	brought up in cruelty.
Battle-cloud	„	the smoke of a battle.
Bosom-child	„	the child of our love.
Crimson-mouthed	„	shells.
Chilly-fingered	„	early spring.
Chain-drooped	„	a lamp suspended by a chain.
Deep-damasked	„	darkly red.
Evening-lighted	„	dimly lit by twilight.
Ever-fleeting	„	passing away.
Flower-like	„	fragile as a flower.

Full-brimmed	applied to	a glass filled to the brim.
Fountain-foam	„	the foam of a fountain.
Gold-haired	(see Bright-haired.)	
Golden-winged	applied to	truth, in metaphor.
Gold-tinted	„	gold-coloured.
Hedge-grown	„	wild flowers.
Horror-smitten	„	frightened, terrified.
Incense-pillowed	„	sleeping amid flowers.
Joy-giver	„	something that imparts joy; wine.
King-thought	„	a noble thought.
Love-lorn	„	pining for love.
Love-tune	„	the air of a love song.
Meadow-sweet	„	teeming with perfume of wild flowers.
Mist-shroud	„	a light cloud or fog.
Music-swell	„	prolonged sound.
Mild-minded	„	melancholy, gentle.
Moon-led	„	lit by the moon.
Passion-panting	„	breast heaving with pas- sion.
Plume-like	„	waving like a plume; to foliage.
Purple-stained	„	coloured purple; to fruit.
Rose-wreathed	„	wearing a wreath of roses.
Rose-hued	„	coloured like a rose.
Rosy-lipped	„	with red lips; also to shells.
Slumber-parted	„	lips parted in sleep.

Sun-kissed	applied to	fruit ripened by the sun.
Sweet-breathed	"	giving perfume; to flowers.
Sabre-like	"	cutting, sharp; to truth.
Silver-toned	"	soft, sweet of tone.
Smooth-lipped	"	fawning, persuasive.
Sun-steeped	"	bathed in sunshine.
Silver-chiming	"	sweet sounding; to bells.
Soul-struck	"	sudden love.
Sun-bright	"	bright as sunshine.
Travel-stained	"	soiled by travel.
Thatched-roofed	"	roofed with thatch.
Tavern-hours	"	late hours.
Thought-rapt	"	in study.
Tear-dimmed	"	obscured by tears; the eye.
Vine-encircled	"	surrounded by vines.
Vine-clad	"	clothed by vines; trees, walls, &c.
World-worn	"	worn by care.
Wave-worn	"	worn away by the sea.
Willow-veiled	"	hidden by willows; a stream.
Wind-scattered	"	scattered by the wind.
Wild-eyed	"	with quick, glancing eyes.
Wood-note	"	the song of a bird.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SONG WRITING.

THE first attempt of almost every young writer being a song, a ballad, or a set of "words for music," a few words of warning and advice on this subject may not be out of place: it is therefore appended, together with a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of this branch of literary composition. It is very easy to make fair verses, but it is not very easy to make a song. Many of our best poets have tried it and failed, while not a few of our best songs have been written by comparatively uneducated men; in this case, however, it has been rather an inspiration than a composition. Very many persons consider a song a trifling thing because it is short; they forget the compression that is necessary to combine closeness of thought, simplicity, pathos, and music. The song-writer should be the conjuror who can put a quart into a pint bottle; in other words, he should distil his thoughts and only bottle the spirit. Burns has somewhere said, that "those who consider a song a trifle easy to be written, should set themselves down and try."

Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall) has said that "a song may be considered as the expression of a sentiment, varying according to the humour of the poet. It should be fitted for music, and should, in fact, be better for the accompaniment of music, otherwise it cannot be deemed essentially a song." Dr. Mackay says, "A song should be like an epigram, complete and entire; it should give voice to one prevailing idea; be short and terse, and end with the natural climax of the sentiment."

I cordially agree with both these opinions, but there is something more required in the mechanical construction of a song. It must be vocal—that is to say, it must contain no unsingable words, no hissing consonants or closed sounds, that would shut up the singer's mouth; and, above all, each part or verse must agree with the others.

In writing for music, then, avoid as much as possible words beginning with the hissing consonant "s," except where followed by the open vowel "o," as in "sound," &c.

Sound, sound the trumpet boldly,
would be a very good line for music, while—

Sing, sing the song sorrow,
would be a very bad one.

The word "wish" is also one of the most unpleasant in the mouth of both singer and speaker.

The origin of English song, as we understand a song,

cannot be traced farther back than the time of Elizabeth; indeed, as Ristin, the best authority on the subject, observes, "Not a single composition of that nature, with the smallest degree of merit, can be discovered at any preceding period." Amply, however, did Shakspeare and Ben Jonson make up for lost time, for they gave us songs which have never been surpassed to the present period. The revolution of 1660 was not a period favourable to this class of composition, but at the Restoration a galaxy of lyric poets appeared—Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, and others, whose writings the student will do well to study.

Probably the decline of healthy and nervous English verse may be attributed to the turncoat and shuttlecock Dryden, who, although he had much learning and a cultivated taste, turned the Muses into waiting-maids, and wore plush himself for the sake of the crumbs that might fall from the tables of his rich patrons. Indeed it has been said, with much truth, that since his time "true feeling degenerated and nature really gave way to art." The time, however, came when all this was to be righted. Burns, the greatest of all lyric poets, lived and sung, and by his side were many worthy singers. Ireland gave us Sheridan and Moore, and England Dibdin.

It must be borne in mind that all short lyrics are not songs, although all songs are lyrics. Our language contains thousands of charming lyrics which were never

intended for music, and which would not be improved by being set to music; there are lyrics written to be read and lyrics written to be sung. The latter are, or ought to be, songs; in too many cases they are so many superficial inches of prose, cut into lengths and rounded at the ends—made, in fact, as they make lucifer matches, by machinery. It is to be hoped that a careful study of the foregoing pages may lead to some improvement in this respect, by teaching the tyro what are the responsibilities of the poet.

As regards the themes suitable for song, it was long considered that Love, War, and Wine were the only allowable ones, and until recent times such was the case in practice. We owe it to our female poets that this barrier has been thrown down, though our German cousins have long considered pastoral and home themes to be fitting subjects for song. Goethe, who wrote many pieces corresponding to our modern songs, says, "The world is so large, and life so varied, that there can never be a dearth of occasions for poems. All poems ought to be occasional pieces, that is to say, real life ought to furnish the occasion and the material. A speciality becomes general and poetical in the hands of the poet. All my poems are occasional pieces; they are prompted by and rooted in real life. Let no one say that reality lacks poetical interest, for a poet, if he be a real poet, ought to invest commonplace subjects with interest. Reality furnishes the beautiful and life-like in creation."

Closely approximating to the song, and considered by the uninitiated to be the same thing, is the ballad, not the old metrical ballad chronicling the deeds of the hero, or the feats of chivalry accomplished by the ancients, of which "Chevy Chase" and the Robin Hood ballads are a sample, but the short poem suitable for music, in which a little story is told, rather than a sentiment deftly put. This is a style of composition much in vogue and approved of by many composers, as giving them an opportunity of displaying variety in musical treatment which cannot be indulged in when setting lines which form strictly a song. Thus, it will be observed, our shorter lyric poetry divides itself into three classes:—1st, the short fugitive poem not suitable for music, written to be read only; 2ndly, the song embodying a sentiment or conceit; and 3rdly, the ballad, or short narrative poem.

Burns is one of the best writers that can be studied for song writing, because his songs are natural and unaffected, and they combine withal a quiet pathos that at once comes home to the heart; they are, moreover, thoroughly manly and independent. As Cunningham said of him, "all he has written is distinguished by a happy carelessness, a fine elasticity of spirit, and a singular felicity of expression. Careless yet concise, he sheds a redeeming light on all he touches; whatever his eye glances on rises into life and beauty."

The songs of Charles Dibdin, though immensely

popular in their day, must be studied with a qualification. To say that he has not written many manly and noble strains, would be to assert that which is not true. I admit that he was actuated by a high and generous feeling, as expressed in his writings, though not borne out by his personal career; but I cannot discover that elevated tone which his editors and admirers claim for him. To me his preaching seems to be of the late Bo'sen Smith order; but we must make this allowance, that a rough audience required a rough style of song, and Dibdin, making his sailors speak for themselves, by writing many of his songs in the first person, adopted their language. This, however, constitutes no claim for him to be considered the first of British song writers. The introduction of the verbiage of the fore-castle was not necessary to produce a perfect sea-song: witness Campbell's noble ode, "Ye Mariners of England," Prince Hoare's "Arethusa," Cunningham's "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail," George Alexander Stevens's "Cease, rude Boreas," and Andrew Cherry's "Bay of Biscay," all smelling of tar, and dashing and splashing their harmonious flow, like the rush of the blue waters they celebrate.

Thomas Campbell's naval songs are masterpieces of composition; while his longer poems will always be cherished with pleasure by the scholar and the student, his songs will always find an echo in the hearts of the people. "His words, rapid and glowing with martial

vigour, still flow along with a liquid harmony of versification; only Burns in his 'Bruce's Address,' and Scott in his 'Donieul Dhu,' can be compared with Campbell in the strong and passionate energy of his patriotic lays." * Some of Campbell's metres are new and striking. What a grand swell there is in that torrent of verse, "The Battle of the Baltic." The student will observe the peculiar elongation of the fifth line, balanced by the short one at the end, like a suspended chord in music that is not instantly resolved, and yet when it is, the harmony is full, complete, and agreeable. Indeed in this song Campbell has applied a rule of musical composition in the construction of a written verse.

Again, in "Hohenlinden," we have a new form of verse, frequently imitated, but invented by Campbell; and yet again, in "Ye Mariners of England," how the peculiar construction of the verse adds to the glory of the song; and that reiteration of the last line, which is not a chorus, but a sort of rebound of the sentiment, which brings up every verse as with the clang and clash of cymbals. I think we may take Campbell's songs as the standard by which we may measure all songs. If I do not place him above Burns, it is because I would not place a diamond cut and polished by skill and art, before a flower formed and beautiful by the hand of Nature. What Campbell accomplished others may accomplish,

* Cunningham.

but no mortal can *learn* to do what Burns did. Campbell is a brilliant of the first water.

I have already, in the chapter devoted to style, alluded to the characteristics of Thomas Moore, the first of modern song writers; it is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat them here. It was Moore's good fortune to restore a meaning and expression to the language of song, which, since the days of Herrick, Waller, Lovelace, and those glorious song writers of the seventeenth century, had greatly degenerated. A reference to any song-book published in England previously to 1800 will prove how utterly worthless was our then song literature.

When Robert Burns died, Moore was sixteen years of age, and it was not until after Burns's death that his songs were much known in England; indeed I may say that it was not until within the last quarter of a century that Burns has been thoroughly known and appreciated here. Probably when Moore began to write Burns was scarcely known at all in Ireland. To Moore, then, still belongs the credit of having revived and regenerated English song. At a subsequent period Moore alludes to Burns, and expresses his surprise that a bard "wholly unskilled in music should possess the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, which," he adds, "were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt." I do not see this at all; all teachers of music will tell you that the greatest difficulty they have to contend with in beginners is too fine an

ear. The pupil who can catch up and retain a tune the moment he hears it, will not stop for the tedious process of finding it out by the notation, but will attempt to play it by ear long before he can properly manipulate upon the instrument. With Burns's strong perceptive powers and his fine ear, it would have been impossible for him, where he wrote to tunes, to have written incorrectly. Moore himself admits that, "Burns, however untaught, was yet in ear and feeling a musician is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain."

That more depends upon the possession of a fine ear than to having acquired a knowledge of the theory of music, this opinion goes far to substantiate; and I think it affords sufficient encouragement to the student not to be thwarted in his early efforts, because he has not that amount of musical knowledge which Moore considered so indispensable.

Without the slightest wish to disparage Moore's high merits as a song writer, it may be scarcely hazardous to remark, that he owes much of his popularity to the beautiful airs to which his words were wedded; but, even here the merit was his own, for it was his discernment that discovered the applicability of the wild strains of his native harp to the purposes of modern song, and their capability of being united to immortal verse. These melodies Moore graphically describes when he asserts that "a pretty air without words resembles one

of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of themselves through the world." In supplying the other half, by uniting many of the fugitive melodies of other lands to his undying words, Moore may be said to have given souls to the tenantless bodies, to have re-animated the ghosts of Dream-land, and to have given substance to that which was previously but a shade.

Hogg, Cunningham, Lover, Lever, Gerald Griffin, Procter, C. Swain, Mackay, and Eliza Cook have all contributed largely and worthily to our song literature. Mrs. Hemans, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., and others, have also contributed many charming pathetic lyrics, admirably adapted for music; and, as time rolls on, doubtless many as worthy names will be added to the tuneful choir. It is possible that some of my readers may be already, in some sort, apprentices to the tuneful art, for I take it that few have not, at some time or other, endeavoured to string a couplet or two together, or tried their hands at a song. Well, it is very easy to do so; you may even get into print, or print yourself, and call upon your friends to subscribe to what you have printed; and you may even get noticed in the newspapers, and come to think you are rather clever at it than not. So far so good; everybody must have a beginning. Dr. Johnson observed, that the man who didn't begin to write until he knew how to write, wouldn't become an author at all; but this I want you to remember, that there is a standard

to measure you by, and the test of that standard is time. If you have that within you which enables you to judge of this standard, though you may feel that you cannot approach it, you have a light that shall guide you on the way. What you have most to fear is the injudicious praise of friendly critics, or the taking for gospel the opinion of a reviewer who has not the slightest knowledge of what he is writing about. I observed, not long ago, in the columns of a weekly paper, a notice of a volume of verse, in which the reviewer lauded the amiability of the writer, and stated that the poetry did not "rise above the song standard." Rise *above* the song standard! Why, even if it had come up to it, the writer ought to be hailed as "the coming man." What the friendly critic meant as a qualifying remark was the highest praise he could bestow, supposing he knew what the song standard was. The song standard, in his sense of the word, was the one that music publishers and modern composers weigh by. "Can't you write me," a music publisher asked a well-known librettoist, "a song about—about nothing in particular, with a pretty title? Nobody could object to that, you know." If the young writer would only think and study what a song ought to be before sitting down to compose it, we should have fewer songs about "nothing in particular, with pretty titles."

It is because the art of writing verse has been too little studied, and the desire to rush into print too prematurely

indulged in, that we have so many nonsense verses. Beset with technicalities, and fettered by rules that were seldom followed, the student has thrown aside the old treatises, and relied on his own power of production, without giving the mechanism of the art a single thought.

To lead him to a consideration of this, teaching him by examples what to imitate and what to avoid, has been my aim in this little treatise. I have pointed out to him the manner, the matter must rest with himself.

The art of writing verse may be indulged in as a graceful accomplishment, and not necessarily as a profession, and I am not without a hope that, as regards those who pursue it in the former spirit, I have not written in vain. To those who dream of following verse-making as a profession, no advice is necessary—none would be taken—I have only a single word for them,—Beware! Still, I do not join the senseless cry that is constantly being made, that “the present is not an auspicious era for the verse which is to gain immortality.” The present is never an era in which to gain immortality, simply because the present never is the future. Of course, the critic who wrote the sentence I have quoted meant to say that the verse written at the present time was not destined to win immortality; but I believe this has been said of all verse from Pope’s time to our own, and it is certain that a great deal that was considered to possess the seeds of immortality has rotted long before it came down to our own day. Remember, too,


that, as regards the past, we get the wheat from which the chaff has been winnowed; what we have at present is in the bulk, and it is to be hoped that all will not be blown away in the process of sifting. It was Pope who said, that "in literature nothing good or lasting was ever written that had not to contend with the stream of time." That this "Handbook" may lead some of its readers to such a consideration of the Art of Poetry as may enable them to contend with it successfully, is the earnest wish and fervent hope of the author.





A NEW
POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

A NEW POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

O the student who has not a poetical library at hand to refer to, the following pages will, in some measure, supply the deficiency. By them he will be enabled to see how the same subjects have been treated by different hands, and how, as has been before observed, "a generality becomes special in the hands of a poet."

The selection is not a mere dictionary of familiar quotations, but some of the best thoughts of the best authors alphabetically arranged. No doubt it could have been considerably extended, but not without swelling this work to a bulk which would have placed it, in price, beyond the means of those for whom it is intended. As it is, nearly five hundred "gems of thought" have been included, in which many quotations from the standard poets have been blended with the lighter graces of modern verse. In all cases, however, the selections are made from such authors only as have been acknowledged by public and critical approbation.

APRIL.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.—LONGFELLOW.

APRIL (continued).

I never see
 Those dear delights which April still does bring,
 But memory's tongue repeats it all to me.
 I view her pictures with an anxious eye,
 I hear her stories with a pleasing pain :
 Youth's withered flowers, alas ! ye make me sigh,
 To think in me ye'll never bloom again.

JOHN CLARE.

When well-apparel'd April on the heel
 Of limping Winter treads.—SHAKESPEARE.

A day in April never came so sweet.
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

SHAKESPEARE.

Emblem of life, see changeful April sail,
 In varying rest, along the shadowy skies ;
 Now bidding summer's softest zephyrs rise ;
 Anon, recalling winter's stormy gale,
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail ;
 Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
 Promise of sunshine not so prone to fail.

KIRKE WHITE.

May never was the month of love,
 For May is full of flowers ;
 But rather April, wet by kind,
 For love is full of showers.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

AUTUMN.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
 Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
 Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
 And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
 Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,

AUTUMN (*continued*).

Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
 By the wayside a-weary.—LONGFELLOW.

When yellow autumn weighs
 The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days;
 And suns declining shine with feeble rays.

DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

The evening of the year.—DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

The summer flower has run to seed,
 And yellow is the woodland bough;
 And every leaf of bush and weed
 Is tipt with autumn's pencil now.
 And I do love the varied hue,
 And I do love the browning plain;
 And I do love each scene to view,
 That's marked with beauties of her reign.

JOHN CLARE.

Hail, temperate Autumn ! mild, sedate,
 With russet clad in simple state,
 Thou claim'st the votive lay ;
 The dew the thirsty earth revives,
 Each drooping plant new strength derives,
 Nor dreads the scorching ray.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
 Of autumn, unconfined ; and taste, revived,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower

AUTUMN (continued).

Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;
Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixed.—THOMSON.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

KEATS.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain,
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms throughout thy vast domain.
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmers' prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And following thee, in thy oration splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

LONGFELLOW.

The autumn skies are flushed with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

AUTUMN (continued).

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
 In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
 These are but leaves that take to wing,
 And wintry winds that pipe so loud.
 'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
 That on the cheerless valleys fall,
 The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
 And tears of dew are on them all.—T. HOOD.

BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and quiet breathing.

KEATS.

A native Grace
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
 Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

THOMSON.

O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

SHAKESPEARE.

Beauty is but a vain, a fleeting good,
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
 A flower that dies when almost in the bud,
 A brittle glass that breaketh suddenly.
 A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

SHAKESPEARE.

H

BELL.—BELLS.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of these village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !

COWPER.

Bell ! thou soundest merrily
 When the bridal party
 To the church doth hie !
 Bell, thou soundest solemnly
 When, on Sabbath morning,
 Fields deserted lie !—LONGFELLOW.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

THOMAS MOORE.

The convent bells are ringing,
 But mournfully and slow ;
 In the grey square turret swinging,
 With a deep sound, to and fro :
 Heavily to the heart they go.—BYRON.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

SHAKSPEARE.

BIRDS.

Tribes of the air ! whose favoured race
 May wander through the realms of space,
 Free guests of earth and sky ;
 In form, in plumage, and in song,
 What gifts of nature mark your throng
 With bright variety !—MRS. HEMANS.

BIRDS (continued).

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree;
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,
 That open to sun, and stars, and moon—
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

MARY HOWITT.

Birds! birds! ye are beautiful things,
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleav-
 ing wings!
 Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
 Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
 Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;
 Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
 And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves.

ELIZA COOK.

BROOK.

Look at this brook, so blithe, so free!
 Thus hath it been, fair boy, for ever—
 A shining, dancing, babbling river;
 And thus 'twill ever be.
 'Twill run from mountain to the main,
 With just the same sweet babbling voice
 That now sings out, "Rejoice, rejoice!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

Laugh of the mountain! lyre of bird and tree!
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
 The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
 Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
 Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.

LONGFELLOW.

BROOK (continued).

See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
 Kissing the rugged banks on either side;
 While in their crystal streams at once they show,
 And with them feed the flowers which they bestow.
 Tho' rudely thronged by a too near embrace,
 In gentle murmurs they keep on their race
 To the loved sea; for streams have their desires,
 Cool as they are they feel love's powerful fires,
 And with such passion, that, if any force
 Stop or molest them in their am'rous course,
 They swell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
 The banks they kissed and flowers they fed before.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
 That grow for happy lovers;
 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses,
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go
 But I go on for ever!—TENNYSON.

BUTTERFLY.

He the gay garden round about doth fly,
 From bed to bed, from one to other border,
 And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
 Of every flower and herb there set in order:
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,
 But feeds upon the pleasures of each place;
 And ever more, with most variety
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
 He seeks his dainty sense to gratify;
 Now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,

BUTTERFLY (continued).

Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
 And then he percheth on some bank thereby
 To sun himself and his moist wings to dry.

SPENSER.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light,
 And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy.—ROGERS.

Stay near me, do not take thy flight!
 A little longer stay in sight!
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy!
 Float near me; do not yet depart!
 Dead times revive in thee:
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
 A solemn image to my heart,
 My father's family!—WORDSWORTH.

CHARITY.

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait
 On man's most dignified and happiest state,
 Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
 Chief grace below, and all in all above,
 Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea)
 A task I venture on, impelled by thee:
 O never seen but in thy blest effects,
 Or felt but in the soul that heaven selects.

COWPER.

CHILDREN.—CHILDHOOD.

Go, mark the matchless workings of the power
 That shuts within the seed the future flower;
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,
 In colour these, and these delight the smell;

CHILDREN (continued).

Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

COWPER.

'Tis now the poetry of life to thee;
With fancies fresh and innocent as flowers,
And manners sportive as the free-winged air;
Thou seest a friend in every smile; thy days,
Like singing birds, in gladness dance along,
And not a tear that trembles on thy lids
But shines away, and sparkles into joy.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropped daisies, are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Those joys which Childhood calls its own,
Would they were kin to men!
Those treasures to the world unknown,
When known, are withered then.—JOHN CLARE.

Flowers are colouring the wild wood,
Art thou weary of thy childhood?
Break not its enchanted reign,—
Such life never knows again.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

WORDSWORTH.

CHILDREN (*continued*).

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
 Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
 Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
 To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
 Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay
 flowers,
 Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
 (Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
 Would throw away, and straight take up again,
 Then fling it to the winds, and o'er the lawn
 Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
 That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB.

CLOUD.—CLOUDS.

O painted clouds! sweet beauties of the sky,
 How have I viewed your motion and your rest,
 When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,
 In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest;
 Or in your threatened thunder's grave black vest,
 Like black deep waters slowly moving by,
 Awfully striking the spectator's breast
 With your Creator's dread sublimity.

JOHN CLARE.

Beautiful clouds! I have watched ye long,
 Fickle and bright as a fairy throng;
 Now ye have gathered golden beams
 Now ye are parting in silver streams,
 Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,
 Deepening fast to a crimson flush;
 Now, like ærial sprites at play,
 Ye are lightly dancing another way;
 Melting in many a pearly flake,
 Like the cygnets down on the azure lake.

ELIZA COOK.

The lowering clouds, that dip themselves in rain,
 To shake their fleeces on the earth again.—DRYDEN.

CLOUDS (continued).

When on their march embattled clouds appear,
 What formidable gloom their faces wear;
 How wide their front—how deep and black their rear!
 How do their threatening heads each other throng—
 How slow the crowding legions move along!
 The winds with all their wings can scarcely bear
 Th' oppressive burden of th' impending war.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Beautiful cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
 Swimming in the pure quiet air!
 Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
 Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow;
 Where, midst their labour, pause the reaper train
 As cool it comes along the grain.
 Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee
 In thy calm way o'er land and sea:
 To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
 On earth as on an open book.—BRYANT.

DAISY.—WILDFLOWERS.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

The daisy scattered on each mead and down,
 A golden tuft within a silver crown—
 Fair fall that dainty flower; and may there be
 No shepherd graced that doth not honour thee!

WILLIAM BROWNE.

I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star;
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee!

DAISY (continued).

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee.

WORDSWORTH.

Daisies, ye flowers of lovely birth,
 Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod;
 Open to spring's refreshing air,
 In sweetest smiling bloom declare
 Your Maker, and my God.
 JOHN CLARE.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.—BURNS.

Be violets in their scented mews
 The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling;
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
 Thou art, indeed, by many a claim
 The poet's darling.
 WORDSWORTH.

DANCING.

Muse of the many twinkling feet! whose charms
 Are now extended up from legs to arms;
 Terpsichore! too long misdeemed a maid,
 Reproachful term bestowed but to upbraid,
 Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
 The least a vestal of the virgin nine.—BYRON.

DANCING (continued.)

But when the music's full infection stole
 Throughout her frame, and kindled up her veins,
 She shook her curls, and through her eyes her soul
 Sent such a shower of rapture, all the swains
 Stood gaping as the parched flower when it rains;
 She sailed along, and, like a sorceress, flung
 Her own sweet spirit o'er the cruder's strains;
 Her feet had language, such as hath been sung,
 That spoke to every heart as plain as with a tongue.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Dance, dance, as long as ye can;
 We must travel through life, but why make a dead
 march of it?
 The fine linen of state may sit well upon man,
 But 'tis pleasant, methinks, just to rub out the starch
 of it.

ELIZA COOK.

Diana's queen-like step is thine,
 And when in dance thy feet combine
 They fall with truth so sweet,
 The music seems to come from thee,
 And all the notes appear to be
 The echoes of thy feet.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

DEATH.

Death is here, and death is there,
 Death is busy everywhere,
 All around, within, beneath,
 Above is death, and we are death.—SHELLEY.

Many are the shapes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave; all dismal! yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance than within.—MILTON.

DEATH (*continued*).

When honour's lost 'tis a relief to die;
 Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

DR. GARTH.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.
 To die is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar.

DR. GARTH.

The dead are only happy, and the dying:
 The dead are still, and lasting slumbers hold 'em.
 He who is near his death, but turns about,
 Shuffles awhile to make his pillow easy,
 Then slips into his shroud, and rests for ever.—LEE.

Death to a man in misery is sleep.—DRYDEN.

Death shuns the naked throat and proffered breast;
 He flies when called to be a welcome guest.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Cowards die many times before their death;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKESPEARE.

Now is done thy long day's work;
 Fold thy palms across thy breast,
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
 Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.—TENNYSON.

Come not, when I am dead,
 To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
 To trample round my fallen head,

DEATH (continued).

And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save,
 There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
 But thou, go by.—TENNYSON.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
 I woo thee, Death! Life and its joys
 I leave to those that prize them.
 Hear me, O gracious God!—at thy good time
 Let Death approach; I reckon not, let him but come
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance armed,
 Too much for man to bear.—BISHOP PORTEUS.

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

LONGFELLOW.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

Fate! fortune! chance! whose blindness,
 Hostility, or kindness,
 Play such strange freaks with human destinies,
 Contrasting poor and wealthy,
 The life-diseased and healthy,
 The blessed, the cursed, the witless, and the wise,
 Ye have a master—one
 Who mars what ye have done,
 Levelling all that move beneath the sun,—
 Death!—HORACE SMITH.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death,
 Death and his brother Sleep!

DEATH (continued).

One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful.—SHELLEY.

DREAM.—DREAMS.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—BYRON.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

O spirit-land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,
A world of the dead in the lines of life.

MRS. HEMANS.

Was it the spell of morning dew
That o'er his lids its influence threw,
Clearing those earthly mists away,
That erst like veils before them lay?
Whether fair dream or actual sight,
It was a vision of delight;
For free to his charmed eyes were given
The spirits of the starry heaven.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run,
Like to the new-born crystal streams
Under the bright enamoured sun.

CHARLES COTTON.

When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;

DREAMS (continued).

I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,

A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade.

WORDSWORTH.

Bright be thy dreams! may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping!

May those by death or seas removed,
The friends who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!—T. MOORE.

EVENING.—NIGHT.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue!
Here vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
There objects, by the searching beam betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Softens their glare before the mellow light.

WORDSWORTH.

Now in the sleepy gloom that blackens round,
Dies many a lulling hum of rural sound,
From cottage door, farmyard, and dusty lane,
Where home the cart-horse totters with the swain,
Or padded holm, where village boys resort,
Bawling enraptured o'er their evening sport,
Till night awakens superstitious dread,
And drives them prisoners to a restless bed.

JOHN CLARE.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scattered the remains of day.—ADDISON.

EVENING (continued).

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.—MILTON.

'Tis now the young decline of day;
The light is lingering in the sky,
Fading unconsciously away,
Like brightness in a maiden's eye
That fain would sleep,
But watch must keep.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

The day's grown old, the fainting sun
Has but a little way to run;
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

CHARLES COTTON.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.—BYRON.

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Makes not one ripple from its summer dream.

SHELLEY.

EYE.—EYES.

Eyes not down-dropt, nor over-bright, but fed
 With the clear-painted flame of chastity;
 Clear without heat, undying, tended by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
 Of her still spirit.—TENNYSON.

Where now are those dark eyes? (sweet eyes!)
 In tears? in thought? in sleep?
 Those lights, like stars in stormy skies,
 Which gently shine, when all else weep?
 O dark unconquerable eyes!—BARRY CORNWALL.

As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes,
 Sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory.
ALEXANDER SMITH.

How beautiful to worship woman's eyes,
 As stars of heaven formed, man's guiding light,
 But to be gazed on as celestial bright;
 To deem them as the jewels of the skies;
 The blue, day's sapphires—black, the gems of night!
W. T. MONCRIEFF.

The orb I like is not the one
 That dazzles with its lightning gleam;
 That dares to look upon the sun,
 As though it challenged brighter beam.
 That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll;
 Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;
 But not for me. I prize the soul
 That slumbers in a quiet eye.—ELIZA COOK.

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,
 Lest I be sick with seeing;
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest shame destroy their being.

EYE (continued).

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
 For then their threats will kill me;
 Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
 For so will sorrow slay me;
 Nor spread them as distract with fears;
 Mine own enough betray me.—BEN JONSON.

Throne of expression! whence the spirit's ray
 Pours forth so oft the light of mental day;
 Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,
 Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme.

MRS. HEMANS.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.

T. MOORE.

FAITH.

Thou surely dost not think my faith a flower
 To live and droop with fortune's sun and shade?

DOUGLAS JERBOLD.

I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
 Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,
 To his belief, the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell, the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith!—WORDSWORTH.

FAIRIES.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk roses and with eglantine;
 There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
 Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hither, ye elves! the sunbeam fainter glows,
 And the loved twilight gathers with its gloom:
 Fly from the grassy mount's untrodden brow,
 Drop from the scented blossoms of the bough.

JOHN GRAHAM.

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you, sing
 Like to the garter's compass, in a ring;
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bright children of the bard! o'er this green dell
 Pass once again, and light it with your spell.

MRS. HEMANS.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
 Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
 And never hope to see the nightly train.
 In vain the dairy now with mints is dressed,
 The dairymaid expects no fairy guest
 To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
 She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
 No silver penny to reward her pain:

FAIRIES' (continued).

For priests, with prayers and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear.

DRYDEN.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset merrily :
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire;
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green ;

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold cups spots you see :
These be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

SHAKSPEARE.

While the blue is richest in the starry sky,
While the softest shadows on the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers in the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood ! oh, return, return !

MRS. HEMANS.

FAIRIES (continued).

Nor think, tho' men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

MILTON.

If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest hath taught
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flowers,—
Hear, and believe!—POPE.

Oh! these be fancy's revellers by night,
Stealthy companions of the downy moth;
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;
The gnat, with shrilly trump, is their convener,
Forth from their flow'r'y chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

THOMAS HOOD.

Like fairy elves
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale cause; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear.—MILTON.

They dance their ringlets to the whistling wind;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from their sleeping eyes.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAIRIES (continued).

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,
 Sail in our dreams across the heavens' steep blue;
 When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
 Too beautiful to meet the naked view;
 Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.

THOMAS MILLER.

We the fairies, blithe and antic,
 Of dimensions not gigantic,
 Through the moonshine mostly keep us,
 Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

LEIGH HUNT (*from the Latin*).

What feats the fairy creatures played !
 Now seeming of the height afraid,
 Now folding the moss in fast embraces,
 They peeped o'er the bridge with their lovely faces.
 Now hanging, like the fearless flowers,
 By their tiny arms in the cataract showers,
 Swung back and forward with delight,
 Like pearls in the spray-shower burning bright !

PROFESSOR WILSON

The beings of the mind are not of clay :
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray,
 And more beloved existence; that which fate
 Prohibits to dull life in this our state
 Of mortal bondage.—BYRON.

FAME.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
 Of time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
 Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
 Was earthly fame. She was a voice alone,
 And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
 She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
 Applauding most what least deserved applause.

POLLOK.

FAME (continued).

Fame! the loose breathings of a clamorous crowd,
Ever in lies most confident and loud.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Envy pursues her like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the dangers cease,
Envy herself is glad to be at peace.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an unequal war;
Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

BEATTIE.

Fame's an echo, prattling double,
An empty, airy, glittering bubble;
A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
The wise not worth their keeping think it.
Why, then, why such toil and pain,
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
Like her sister Fortune blind,
To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her favour find.—MILTON.

Thou hast a charmèd cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

MRS. HEMANS.

FISHING.

There bent in hopeful musings on the brink,
 They watch their floating corks that seldom sink,
 Save when a wary roach or silver bream
 Nibbles the worm in passing up the stream,
 Just urging expectation's hopes to stay
 To view the dodging cork, then slink away ;
 Still hopes keep burning with untired delight,
 Still wobbling curves keep wavering like a bite :
 If but the breezy wind their floats should spring,
 And move the water with a troubled ring,
 A captive fish still fills the anxious eyes,
 And willow-wicks lie ready for the prize ;
 Till evening gales awaken damp and chill,
 And nip the hopes that morning suns instil.

JOHN CLARE.

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
 Shall live thy name, meek Walton, sage benign !
 Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
 Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
 To reverend watching of each still report
 That Nature utters from her rural shrine.

WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

LONGFELLOW.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers ! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.—HORACE SMITH.

Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
 Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,

FLOWERS (continued).

And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
 The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.

COWPER.

There is a lesson in each flower,
 A story in each stream and bower;
 In every herb on which we tread
 Are written words which, rightly read,
 Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
 To hope, and holiness, and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

God made the flowers to beautify
 The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
 And he is happiest who hath the power
 To gather wisdom from a flower,
 And wake his heart in every hour
 To pleasant gratitude.—WORDSWORTH.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies
 To fill the heart's fond view!
 Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,
 As soft, as fragrant, and as fair
 As those that crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.—KEEBLE.

Flowers are the brightest things which earth,
 On her broad bosom, loves to cherish;
 Gay they appear as children's mirth,
 Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

PATTERSON.

Flowers are the bright remembrances of youth:
 They waft us back, with their bland odorous breath,
 The joyous hours that only young life knows,
 Ere we have learnt that this fair earth hides graves.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

FLOWERS (*continued*).

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured :
 Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale,
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

MRS. HEMANS.

Still, gentle lady, cherish flowers ;
 True fairy friends are they,
 On whom of all the cloudless hours
 Not one is thrown away.
 By these, unlike man's ruder race,
 No care conferred is spurned,
 But all thy fond and fostering grace
 A thousandfold returned.—B. SIMMONS.

We are the sweet flowers
 Born of sunny showers,
 Think whene'er you see us what our beauty saith ;
 Utterance mute and bright
 Of some unknown delight,
 We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.
 All who see us love us ;
 We befit all places ;
 Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.

LEIGH HUNT.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in the stars above ;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of His love.—LONGFELLOW.

FRIENDS.—FRIENDSHIP.

Friend after friend departs :
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.

FRIENDS (continued).

Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Friendship! peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.—JOHNSON.

Oh, friendship! if my soul forego
Thy dear delight while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, or insincere,
Or may *my* friend deceive me.

COWPER.

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream,
Then let it be!—MRS. HEMANS.

There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.

COWLEY.

Friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.—DRYDEN.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

SHAKESPEARE.

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness?
The double joys, when each is glad for both?
Friendship! our only wealth, our last retreat and
strength,
Secure again still fortune and the world.—ROWE.

GOLD.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.—SHAKSPEARE.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousandfold;
How widely its agencies vary!
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.—THOMAS HOOD.

O gold! why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain cable
Which holds fast other treasures great and small.
BYRON.

Mine is the rare magician's hand;
Mine is the mighty fairy wand;
Monarchs may boast, but none can hold
Such powerful sway as the spirit of gold.
The wigwam tent, the regal dome,
The senator's bench, the peasant home;
The menial serf, the pirate bold,—
All, all are ruled by the spirit of gold.
ELIZA COOK.

GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind.
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms may do what this has done.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.
A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.—WALLER.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

TENNYSON.

GOOD NIGHT.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

SCOTT.

Good night! good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee.
To be near thee—to be near thee,
Alone is peace to me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! good night, beloved!
While I count the weary hours.

LONGFELLOW.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.

GOOD NIGHT (*continued*).

Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
My native land—good night !—BYRON.

Go to rest !
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast !
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good night !—MRS. HEMANS.

Good night, my love ! may gentle rest
Charm up your senses till the light,
Whilst I, with care and woe oppressed,
Go to inhabit endless night.

CHARLES COTTON.

HOME.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps
 may roam ;
Be that land where it may, at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.

ELIZA COOK.

O ye beloved ! come home ! The hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone !

HOME (continued).

And darkly, heavily it falls
 On the forsaken room,
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

MRS. HEMANS.

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet home!

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

HOPE.—HOPES.

Sun of another world, whose rays
 At distance gladden ours;
 Soul of a happier sphere, whose praise
 Surpasses mortal powers;
 Mysterious feeling, taught to roll
 Resistless o'er each breast,
 Beyond embrace, above control,
 The strangest, sweetest of the soul,
 Possessing, not possest.—HENRY NEELE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies;
 And every pang that rends his heart
 Bids expectation rise.
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.—GOLDSMITH.

There is a star that cheers our way
 Along this weary world of woe,
 That tips with light the waves of life,
 However bitterly they flow.

HOPE (continued).

'Tis hope! 'tis hope! that blessèd star
Which peers through misery's darkest cloud;
And only sets when death has brought
The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.

ELIZA COOK.

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my mind's-eye flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.—KEATS.

Above, below, in ocean, earth, and sky,
Thy fairy worlds, imagination, lie;
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night thy visions of the day!

CAMPBELL.

Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

WORDSWORTH.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the grounds her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.—MOORE.

JUNE.

Welcome, bright June, and all its smiling hours,
 With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
 And run of rills, and bubble of cool springs,
 And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
 And buzz of happy bees in violet-bowers;
 And gushing joy of the loud lark, who sings
 High in the silent air, and sleeks his wings
 In frequent sheddings of soft falling showers;
 With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
 And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
 Answered in fondest yearnings by its dam;
 And cuckoo's call from solitary woods,
 And hum of many sounds, making one voice
 That fills the summer air with most melodious noise.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
 When the north wind congregates in crowds
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds
 From the horizon, and the stainless sky
 Opens beyond them like eternity!—SHELLEY.

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
 And the green mountains round;
 And thought, that when I came to lie
 Within the silent ground,
 'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
 When brooks sent up a pleasant tune,
 And groves a joyous sound,
 The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
 The rich green mountain turf should break.

BRYANT.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men,—
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own;
 Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass,

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM (*continued*).

The mere materials which wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted into place,
 Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,—
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.—COWPER.

A climbing height it is, without a head,
 Deep without bottom, way without an end;
 A circle with no line environed,
 Not comprehended, all it comprehends;
 Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
 Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE.

LOVE.

Love in your sunny eyes does basking play;
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of your hair;
 Love does on both your lips for ever stray,
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.

COWLEY.

There's music in the name,
 That, softening me to infant tenderness,
 Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life.

OTWAY.

My love's so true,
 That I can neither hide it where it is,
 Nor show it where 'tis not.—DRYDEN.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
 But scorn with scorn outbrave;
 A Briton, even in love, should be
 A subject, not a slave!—WORDSWORTH.

K

LOVE (continued).

Thou art the victor, Love!
 Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free;
 The strength of the battle is given to thee,
 The spirit from above.

Thou has looked on death and smiled!
 Thou hast buoyed up the fragile and reed-like form
 Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the
 storm,
 On field, and flood, and wild.—MRS. HEMANS.

In love, what contradiction lies;
 Love's all made up of joy and sorrow;
 His April face, of smiles and sighs,
 Will laugh to-day and weep to-morrow.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
 Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
 Love in a palace is, perhaps, at last
 More grievous torment than a hermit's fast.—KEATS.

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Allah given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But heaven itself descends in love:
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought:
 A ray of Him who formed the whole;
 A glory circling round the soul.—BYRON.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence.—BYRON.

O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
 All records saving thine come cool, and calm,
 And shadowy through the mist of passed years:
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears

LOVE (*continued*).

Have become indolent ; but touching thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.

KEATS.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets dances on the green.
 And men below, and saints above,—
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SCOTT.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented,
 No interest, no motive, but that I would own ;
 With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
 And wretched without her, though placed on a
 throne.

BICKERSTAFF.

Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs ;
 Being puffed, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

SHAKSPEARE.

The cause of love can never be assigned ;
 'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind.—DRYDEN.

Yes, love ! deceive thyself no longer ! False
 To say 'tis pity for his fall,—respect
 Engendered by a hollow world's disdain,
 Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more :
 'Tis none of these ! 'Tis love—and if not love,
 Why then idolatry ! Ay, that's the name
 To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion
 That ever woman's heart was borne away by.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

LOVE (continued).

If on your charms you think to lay
 The value that's their due,
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
 Their subjects all too few.
 But if a passion without vice,
 Without disguise or art,—
 O Mary, if true love's your price,
 Behold it in my heart!—**LORD LAUNSDOWNE.**

Love is a sea
 Filling all the abysses dim
 Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally
 Swans and their bright broods swim.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

MAN.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise;
 So generations in their course decay;
 So flourish these when those are passed away.

POPE.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving, too, and full as vain:
 And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view.—**DRYDEN.**

Man is the sun of home,
 He shines—and all is bright!
 And lovely woman is the moon
 Made brilliant by his light.

MAN (continued).

But if, from hut or hall,
The sun withdraws his ray,
The pale moon wanes, and soon
Her brilliance dies away.

CHARLES COLE.

MARRIAGE.

To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing as the morn; all heaven
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence. The earth
Gave signs of gratulation, and each hill:
Joyous the birds. Fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods; and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub;
Disporting till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.—MILTON.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town!
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town.—SHAKESPEARE.

Be gay and good-natured, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And marriage shall rivet the fetters of love.

DAVID GARRICK.

MAY.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers;

MAY (*continued*).

When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
DRYDEN.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
 The winds that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serenest hours—
 Of hours that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.—PERCIVAL.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—MILTON.

Oh! the merry May has pleasant hours,
 And dreamily they glide,
 As if they floated like the leaves
 Upon a silver tide;
 The trees are full of crimson buds,
 And the woods are full of birds,
 And the waters flow to music
 Like a tune with pleasant words.—WILLIS.

Though many suns have risen and set
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
 And bards, who hailed thee, may forget
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
 There are who to a birthday strain
 Confine not harp and voice,
 But evermore throughout thy reign
 Are grateful and rejoice.—WORDSWORTH.

MELANCHOLY.

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Now coming towards me, grieves my inmost soul.

SHAKSPEARE.

A sudden damp has seized my spirits,
And, like a heavy weight,
Hangs on their active springs.—DRYDEN.

Sure some ill fate's upon me:
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.

OTWAY.

Go! you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.—ROGERS.

There is a kind of soothing sorrow
Which vulgar minds can never know;
There is a feeling that can borrow
Its wildest, sweetest thrill from woe.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

MEMORY.

Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory, well painted, move delight.—COWLEY.

Remember thee!
Yes, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.—SHAKSPEARE.

MEMORY (continued).

Something like
 That voice methinks I should have somewhere heard,
 But floods and woes have hurried it far off,
 Beyond my ken of soul.—**DRYDEN.**

Thou who stealest fire
 From the fountains of the past
 To glorify the present, oh, haste,
 Visit my low desire!
 Strengthen me, enlighten me!
 I faint in this obscurity,
 Thou dewy dawn of memory!—**TENNYSON.**

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
 To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
 For evermore!
 Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,
 Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
 A thought restore! **MRS. HEMANS.**

'Tis strange how much is marked on memory,
 In which we may have interest but no part;
 How circumstance will bring together links
 In destinies the most dissimilar.

L. E. L. (**MRS. MACLEAN.**)

Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
 Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
 To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
 Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

ROGERS.

A pen—to register; a key—
 That winds through secret wards;
 Are well assigned to Memory
 By allegoric bards.

MEMORY (continued).

As aptly, also, might be given
 A pencil in her hand;
 That, softening objects, sometimes even
 Outstrips the heart's demand.

WORDSWORTH.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,—
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway:
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPEARE.

Heav'n has but
 Our sorrow for our sins, and their delights,
 To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems
 Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
 As if there were degrees in Infinite,
 And Infinite would rather want perfection,
 Than punish to extent.

DRYDEN.

Sweet mercy is the loveliest flower
 That heav'n e'er planted in the mind,
 The test of virtue, whose soft power
 Can nearer Godhead raise mankind.

JOSEPH REED.

MISER.

Slaves, who ne'er knew mercy;
 Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,

MISER (continued).

Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are, like fiends, the factors for destruction.

ROWE.

Like a miser 'midst his store,
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more;
And when his strength is wanting to his mind,
Looks back and sighs on what he left behind.

DRYDEN.

MOON.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

POPE.

The moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Unveiled with peerless light;
She o'er the dark her silver mantle threw,
And in her pale dominion checked the night.

MILTON.

The moon is up! How calm and still
She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.—PEABODY.

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,

MOON (continued.)

Out of her chamber, led by the insane
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
 The moon arose upon the murky earth,
 A white and shapeless mass.—SHELLEY.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
 Her level rays, like golden bars,
 Lie on the landscape green,
 With shadows brown between.
 And silver white the river gleams,
 As if Diana, in her dreams,
 Had dropt her silver bow
 Upon the meadows low.—LONGFELLOW.

Sorrowful moon! seeming so drowned in woe,—
 A queen, whom some grand battle-day has left
 Unkingdomed and a widow, while the stars,
 Thy handmaidens, are standing back in awe,
 Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

MOUNTAIN.

Behold yon mountain! hoary son of time,
 Elder than poesy! above the vale
 He frowneth, vast and horrid. In his clefts
 The humble flow'ret blooms, and stunted trees
 Twist on his crags. Around his gloomy sides,
 Against his rugged head, the dashed clouds break;
 Far off day crowns him with a gloom like night.
 What though th' ascent is steep and rude the way?
 Let us ascend the summit, and look down—
 Around—above! to Him whose home is thought.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

In the calm darkness of the moonless night,
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
 Upon that mountain; none beholds them there,
 Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
 Or the star-beams dart through them: winds contend

MOUNTAIN (continued).

Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath
 Rapid and strong, but silently ; its home
 The voiceless lightning in those solitudes
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
 Over the snow.

SHELLEY.

Behold the mountains, lessening as they rise,
 Lose the low vales and steal into the skies.—POPE.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
 Shines like another sun on mortal sight
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching night
 And all her twinkling stars. Who would not tread,
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head,—
 Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing
 Unswept, unstained ?

WORDSWORTH.

Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
 below !

BYRON.

MORNING.

The early lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluted in her song the morning grey ;
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
 That all th' horizon laughed to see the joyous sight ;
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
 And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.

DRYDEN.

MORNING (*continued*).

And now the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with his golden ray.
POPE.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' orient clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with eastern pearl.
MILTON.

Night rolls the hours away ;
The redd'ning orient shows the coming day ;
The stars shine fainter on th' ethereal plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.—POPE.

The rosy-fingered morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes the tears ;
The sun, advancing, mortals cheers,
And drives the rising mists away,
In promise of a glorious day.—DRYDEN.

And now the smiling morn begins
Her rosy progress. MILTON.

And now the rising morn, with rosy light,
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight.
DRYDEN.

Behold the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
SHAKSPEARE.

See the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold ;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs

MORNING (continued).

Leaps to get him nuts and fruit :
 The early lark, that erst was mute,
 Carols to the rising day
 Many a note and many a lay.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

When through the morning's fleecy veil
 The early sun looks forth with softened rays,
 Like a stilled infant smiling in his tears,
 When, lightly curling on the dewy air,
 The cottage smoke doth wind its path to heaven ;
 When larks sing shrill, and village cocks do crow,
 And lows the heifer loosened from her stall ;
 When heaven's soft breath plays on the woodman's
 brow,
 And every harebell and wild tangled flower
 Smells sweetly from its cage of chequered dew ;
 When merry huntsmen wind the cheerful horn,
 And from its covert starts the fearful prey, —
 Who, warmed with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
 Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,
 Shut up from all the fair creation offers ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The impatient morn,
 With gladness on his wings, calls forth, " Arise !"
 To trace the hills, the vales, where thousand dyes
 The ground adorn,
 While the dew sparkles yet within the violet's eyes.

PICKERING.

Lo ! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
 Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes ;
 And from his tower of mist
 Night's watchman hurries down.

KIRKE WHITE.

MORNING (continued).

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
 Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 And lead him near to little but his last;
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,—
 The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
 Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
 Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

BYRON.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
 And now appears the blushing dawn;
 Aurora has her roses shed,
 To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

CHARLES COTTON.

Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
 Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

TENNYSON.

Morning on her balmy wing,
 From every flower that blows around,
 To all a grateful tribute brings
 Who early tread th' enamelled ground.

BICKNELL.

MUSIC.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 The universal frame began;
 From harmony to harmony,
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in man.—DRYDEN.

If music be the food of love, play on:
 That strain again: it had a dying fall:
 Oh! it came o'er my ear like a sweet sound
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odours.—SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC (continued).

Oh! give me music, for my soul doth faint;
 I'm sick of noise and care; and now mine ear
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

KIRKE WHITE.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER.

Come forth, lost spirits of the world of sound!
 Leave, leave awhile your aye sweet tasks above;
 And rear your starry heads with music crowned,
 And once more weave an earthly song of love!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Song lifts the languid oar,
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime
 That beautifies the fairest shore,
 And mitigates the harshest clime.

WORDSWORTH.

Music, oh, how faint, how weak!
 Language fades before thy spell:
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

T. MOORE.

NATURE.

Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light;
 Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,—
 At once the source, the end, and test of art.

POPE.

NATURE (*continued*).

The God of nature and of grace
 In all His works appears;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to Nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of heaven.—HEBER.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

NIGHTINGALE.

Whence is it, that amazed I hear
 From yonder withered spray,
 This foremost month of all the year
 The melody of May?—COWPER.

Thy voice is sweet—is sad—is clear;
 And yet, methinks, 't should flow unseen,
 Like hidden rivers that we hear
 Singing amongst the forests green.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still!
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love.—MILTON.

NIGHTINGALE (continued).

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu !
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
 Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on the "night's dull ear."

Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
 The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,—
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn—
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.—KEATS.

NIGHT. (See Evening.)

Darkness now rose, and brought the lowering night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light, and absent day.

MILTON.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.—POPE.

Soon, as with gentle sighs, the evening breeze
 Began to whisper thro' the murm'ring trees ;
 And night had wrapt in shades the mountains' heads,
 While winds lay hushed in subterranean beds.

GARTH.

NIGHT (*continued*).

The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
 Stood in her noon, and viewed with equal face
 Her sleepy rise and her declining race.—*DRYDEN*.

Now had night measured, with her shadowy cone,
 Half-way up hill this vast sublunar vault.—*MILTON*.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
 No mist, no little cloud
 Breaks the serene of heaven.
 In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 Around her steady ray
 The desert-circle spreads;
 Like the round ocean, girded by the sea,
 How beautiful is night!—*SOUTHEY*.

I heard the trailing garments of the night
 Sweep through her marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls!—*LONGFELLOW*.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene.—*SHELLEY*.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

BYRON.
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NIGHT (continued).

It is the witching hour. The night
 Sits on her cold meridian height,
 And the starry troops are seen
 Camping round their ancient queen,
 Till upon the eastern zone
 Ascends a rival to her throne;
 And the pearly lunar horn
 Shines, but a more silent morn.—CHOLY.

'Twas night: our anchored vessel slept
 Out on the glassy sea;
 And still as heaven the waters kept
 And golden bright, as he,
 The setting sun, was sinking low
 Beneath the eternal wave;
 And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
 Over the monarch's grave.—ROCKWELL.

Night is the time for rest:
 How sweet when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose;
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NOBILITY.

Nobility of blood

Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
 The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
 Is filled with inbred worth, unborrowed from his kind.

DRYDEN.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that;
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.—BURNS.

NOBILITY (*continued*).

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.—BURNS.

OAK.—OAKS.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees:
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.

DRYDEN.

His arms from their trunk are riven;
His body all barked and squared;
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dockyard:
He's sawn through the middle, and turned
For the ribs of a frigate free;
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
And now—he is fit for sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

I see an oak before me: it hath been
The crowned one of the woods; and might have flung
Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green;
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage
throwing,
Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
Hath shrunk and died those serpent folds among,
Alas! alas! what is it that I see?
An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

The sapling oak, lost in the dell,
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
And every infant shoot repel,
Droops, hopeless, o'er th' exhausted soil.

OAK (continued).

At length the woodman clears the ground,
 Where'er the noxious thickets spread,
 And high reviving o'er the ground
 The forest monarch lifts his head.—COBB.

OCEAN.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of eternity, the throne
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom torn with furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

MILTON.

The sea itself smooths its rough face awhile,
 Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;
 But he whose shipwrecked bark it drank before,
 Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.

COWLEY.

As when old ocean roars,
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores,
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
 The rocks re-murmur, and the deeps rebound.

POPE.

OLD AGE.

For youth itself's an empty wavering state :
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes ;
Sees what befell, and what may yet befall ;
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

POPE.

We yet may see the old man in a morning,
Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,
And there pursue the chase as if he meant
T' o'ertake time, and bring back youth again.

OTWAY.

They say I'm old ; because I'm grey,
The aged bard, they now call me !
But, grey or green, I boldly say,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Though sixty years and ten may doom
Tired men to rest with worms and me ;
With sixty gone, and ten to come,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

And said I that my limbs were old ?
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love ?

SCOTT.

As in our individual fate,
Our manhood and maturer date
Correct the faults and follies of our youth ;
So will the world, I fondly hope,
With added years give fuller scope
To the display and love of wisdom, justice, truth.

HORACE SMITH.

OWL.

With boding note
 The solitary screech-owl strains her throat :
 Or on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
 With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.

DRYDEN.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom brings logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whoo!

To-whit, to-whoo! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

When cats run home, and light is come,
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far-off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round;
 Alone, and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.—TENNYSON.

I see thee coming, critic owl!—
 I see thee from thy haunt advance;
 With griping claw and hungry glance
 I see thee dart upon thy prey,
 And bear him to the shades away.
 Oh, mighty owl! forbear, forbear;
 One vagrant should another spare.

W. T. MONCRIEFF (from the Greek).

In the hollow tree, in the old grey tower,
 The spectral owl doth dwell;
 Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
 But at dusk, he's abroad and well!

OWL (*continued*).

Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away;
Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl.

BARRY CORNWALL.

While moonlight, silvering all the walls,
Through every mouldering crevice falls,
(Tipping with white his powdery plume,
As shades or shifts the changing gloom,)
The owl that, watching in the barn,
Sees the mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept,—until he spies
The little beast within its stretch,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch.—BUTLER.

PARTING.

Parting is worse than death : 'tis death of love !
The soul and body part not with such pain
As I from you. DRYDEN.

Her voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From whence it came, and I departed,
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery—O misery !
This world is all too wide for thee. SHELLEY.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

PARTING (continued).

So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.—T. MOORE.

There's such sweet pain in parting,
 That I could hang for ever on thine arms,
 And look away my life into thine eyes.—OTWAY.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

SHAKESPEARE.

PASTOR.—PRIEST.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
 the children
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
 bless them.

Reverend he walked among them; and up rose
 matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
 welcome.

LONGFELLOW.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,—
 An awful, reverend, and religious man;
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
 As God had clothed his own ambassador,
 For such, on earth, his blest Redeemer wore.

DRYDEN.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land;"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
 For him no minstrels' raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.—SCOTT.

PEASANTRY.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

PITY.

And pity on fresh objects only stays,
 But with the tedious sight of woes decays.

DRYDEN.

Friend of the poor, the sad, the weak,
 Heart-soothing Pity, offspring meek
 Of Mercy and Despair.—HENRY NEELE.

PLAYER.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,—
 Speak, and look big, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

PLAYER (continued).

Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
 And both are ready in their offices
 At any time to grace my stratagems.—SHAKSPEARE.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
 That from her workings all his visage warmed;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
 For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to
 Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her?—SHAKSPEARE.

Like a player
 Bellowing his passion till he break the spring,
 And his racked voice jar to the audience.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
 Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
 Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain;
 Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain.
CRABBE.

Children of Thespis, welcome! knights and queens,
 Counts, barons, beauties, when before your scenes,
 And mighty monarchs thundering from your throne;
 Then step behind, and all your glory's gone:
 Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
 The pomp is vanished, and the care is left.
 Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
 When the full house secures the plenteous meal;

PLAYER (continued).

Flattering and flattered; each attempts to raise
 A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
 For never hero shows a prouder heart,
 Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
 Nor without cause: the boards, we know, can yield
 Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.—CRABBE.

POET.—POETS.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above;
 Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of
 scorn,
 The love of love.—TENNYSON.

Love the poet, pretty one!
 He unfoldeth knowledge fair;
 Lessons of the earth and sun,
 And of azure air.
 He can teach thee how to reap
 Music from the golden lyre;
 He can show thee how to steep
 All thy thoughts in fire.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain:
 Both bound together, live or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.

* * * * *

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
 The glory of his numbers lost!
 Years have defaced his matchless strain,
 And yet he did not sing in vain.—WALLER.

Oh! 'tis a sleeping poet! and his verse
 Sings like the syren isles. An opulent soul
 Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold,
 All rich and rough with stories of the gods!

POET (continued).

Methinks all poets should be gentle, fair,
 And ever young, and ever beautiful:
 I'd have all poets to be like to this,—
 Gold-haired and rosy-lipped, to sing of Love.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

A terrible sagacity informs
 The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms,
 He hears the thunder ere the tempest roar,
 The billow ere it breaks upon the shore.—COWPER.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb
 No human hands with pious reverence reared,
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness;
 A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep;
 Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard
 Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
 He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
 And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined
 And wasted for fond love of his soft eyes.—SHELLEY.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
 O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
 By far my elder brother in the muses,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?—BURNS.

Trace the young poet's fate:
 Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
 His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
 To find him fame and fortune, as if life

POET (*continued*).

Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
 The way before him ; flatteries fill his ear,
 His presence courted, and his words are caught;
 And he seems happy in so many friends.
 What marvel if he somewhat overrate
 His talents and his state? These scenes soon change.
 The vain, who sought to mix their name with his;
 The idle,—all these have been gratified,
 And now neglect stings even more than scorn.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Who is the poet? Who the man whose lines
 Live in the souls of men like household words?
 Whose thought, spontaneous as the song of birds,
 With eldest truth coeval, still combines
 With each day's product, and like morning shines
 Exempt from age? 'Tis he, and only he,
 Who knows that Truth is free, and only free,—
 That Virtue, acting in the strict confines
 Of positive law, instructs the infant spirit
 In its best strength, and proves its mere demerit
 Rooted in earth, yet tending to the sky,
 With patient hope surveys the narrow bound,
 Culls every flower that loves the lowly ground,
 And, fraught with sweetness, wings her way on high.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The young author, panting after fame,
 And the long honours of a lasting name,
 Intrusts his happiness to human kind,
 More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.

JOHNSON.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
 Nor from the legislator's seat,
 Stands far remote the bard.
 Though not with public terrors crowned,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his reward.—AKENSIDE.

POPULACE.

Dissensious rogues,
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinions
 Make yourselves scabs.
 That like not peace nor war: the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud.

Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate. Your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead.

SHAKESPEARE.

The scum
 That rises upmost when the nation boils.

DRYDEN.

The power of armies is a visible thing,
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
 But who the limits of that power shall trace
 Which a brave people into light can bring
 Or hide at will,—for freedom combating,
 By just revenge inflamed?—WORDSWORTH.

PRIMROSE.

A primrose by a river's brim,
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.—WORDSWORTH.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.
 So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved.—KIRKE WHITE.

PRISONER.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose;
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned, and barred,—forbidden fare.

BYRON.

RAGE.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls.
 Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden showers,
 It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
 Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
 And the deceiver Love supplies its place.—*ROWE.*

His breast with fury burned, his eyes with fire,
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire.—*DRYDEN.*

In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
 And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.—*POPE.*

Oppose not rage while rage is in its force;
 But give it way awhile, and let it waste:
 The rising deluge is not stopped with dams;
 Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hope of harvest;
 But, wisely managed, its divided strength
 Is sluiced in channels, and securely drained.
 And, when its force is spent and unsupplied,
 The residue and mounds may be restrained,
 And dry-shod we may pass the naked ford.

SHAKSPEARE.

RAINBOW.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;
 A part of my being beyond my control,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

CAMPBELL.

M

RAINBOW (continued).

Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies.—POPE.

REPUTATION.

Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of our souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. SHAKESPEARE.

RHYMES.

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
BUTLER.

And those who write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient for one time.—BUTLER.

RICHERS. (See Gold.)

Fond men, by passions wilfully betrayed,
Adore those idols which their fancy made;
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Oppressed with blessings which we fear to lose.
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more.
ROSCOMMON.

RIVER.—RIVERS. (See Brook.)

River, arise! whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,

RIVER (continued).

Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirsty arms along the indented meads;
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath;
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
 Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee;
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame.

MILTON.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
 And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the roused-up river pours along;
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrained
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

THOMSON.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!

Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow

With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know

Earth paved like heaven; and to seem such to me,
 Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe
 be.

BYRON.

O Cambrian river! with slow music gliding
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers;
 Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers;

RIVER (continued).

Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours

Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
Though time and change, and other mightier powers,

Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream,
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,

Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,

Low, sweet, unchanged.

MRS. HEMANS.

ROSE.

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,

Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air

The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

SHELLEY.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,

Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!

The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb—

Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

MRS. HEMANS.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,

And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,

And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

O wilding rose! whom fancy thus endears,

I bid your blossom in my bonnet wave,

Emblem of hope and love, through future years.

SCOTT.

"Change me, some god, into that breathing rose!"

The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs;

The envied flower beholding, as it lies

On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose.

WORDSWORTH.

The rose has one powerful virtue to boast,

Above all the flowers of the field;

When its leaves are all dead, and its colours are lost,

A perfume, still sweet, it will yield.

DR. WATTS.

RUMOUR.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And is so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blind monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant, wavering multitude,
Can play upon't. SHAKESPEARE.

SEA-SHORE.

When evening came, toward the echoing shore,
Tranquil and pleased, we walked together forth;
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
The burnished silver sea, that heaved and flushed,
Its restless rays intolerably bright.—SOUTHEY.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
TENNYSON.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array,
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!
My spirit greets ye as ye stand
Breasting the billows foam:
O! thus for ever guard the land,
The severed land of home.—MRS. HEMANS.

SHIP.—SHIPS.

Hoarse o'er the side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furled, and anchoring round she swings:

SHIPS (continued).

And gathering loiterers on the land discern
 Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
 'Tis manned—the oars keep concert to the strand,
 Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
 Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!
 When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
 The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
 And the heart's promise of festivity!—BYRON.

The ship was at rest in the tranquil bay,
 Unmoved by a ripple—undimmed by a cloud:
 The winds were asleep, and her broad sails lay
 As still and as white as a winding-shroud.
 She was a fair and beautiful thing,
 With the waters around her, all peaceful and bright;
 Ready for speed as a wild bird's wing,
 Graceful in quiet—'mid glory and light.—ELIZA COOK.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
 Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;
 Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,
 Fare thee well, bark—farewell!—MRS. HEMANS.

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;
 Is she for tropic suns or polar snow?
 What boots the inquiry? Neither friend nor foe
 She cares for: let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.—WORDSWORTH.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh, they who've felt it know how sweet,
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

SHIPS (continued).

Sparkling at once is every eye,
 "Ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
 While answering back the sound we hear,
 "Ship ahoy! What cheer? What cheer?"

T. MOORE.

SHIPWRECK.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.—BYRON.

The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
 While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
 Of the whirlwind that stript it of branches has past.
 The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven
 Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.
 The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
 On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
 Like a corpse on the clay which is hung'ring to fold
 Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
 One deck is burst up from the waters below,
 And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
 O'er the lakes of the desert! SHELLEY.

SIGH.

He raised a sigh so hideous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being. SHAKESPEARE.

All the vital air that life draws in
 Is rendered back in sighs.

ROWE.

SIGH (continued).

Nor woman's sighs nor tears are true,
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,
 Nothing like to ours at all;
 But sighs and tears have sexes too.—COWLEY.

Had I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
 Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell,
 Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart.—KEATS.

SILENCE.

Still as the peaceful walks of ancient night;
 Silent as are the lamps that burn on tombs.
SHAKESPEARE.

Silent as dews that fall in dead of night.—DRYDEN.

Let the proud orator assert the power
 That language holds; but the soul, prouder still,
 Shall keep an eloquence all, all her own,
 And mock the tongued interpreter.—ELIZA COOK.

The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
 And silence, too, enamoured of that voice,
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.—SHELLEY.

'Tis silence gives soul to the beauty of night;
 'Tis silence keeps secrets, the lover's delight;
 The stream moves in stillness, when soft on its breast
 The willows' fond leaves lie in kisses at rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

SINGING.

She sung, and carolled out so clear,
 That men and angels might rejoice to hear;
 Even wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
 And learned from her to welcome in the spring.
DRYDEN.

*SINGING (continued).*²

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.

SHELLEY.

Yet, what matter for the strain,
Be it joy, or be it pain,
So thy now imprisoned voice
In its matchless strength rejoice?
So it burst its fetters strong,
And soar forth on wingèd song?

BARRY CORNWALL.

Lady, sing no more!
Science is in vain,
Till the heart be touched
And give forth its pain.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing—sing! music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws are kept moving.

T. MOORE.

By its fond and plaintive lingering
On each word of grief so long,
Oh! thou hast loved and suffered much;
I know it by thy song.

MRS. HEMANS.

SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground—
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,^p
 Those quivering wings composed that music still !

WORDSWORTH.

The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field ;
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,
 Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
 Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice ;
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretched
 To'ards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetched.

WALLER.

And now the herald lark
 Left his ground nest, and towering to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

MILTON.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

SHELLEY.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies.—SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, skylark, for thy wing !
 Thou bird of joy and light,
 That I might soar and sing
 At heaven's empyreal height.

MRS. HEMANS.

SKYLARK (continued).

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and comberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea;
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blessed is thy dwelling place;
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

The tuneful lark, as soaring high
 Upon its downy wings,
 With wonder views the vaulted sky,
 And mounting sweetly sings.
 Ambition swells its little breast
 Suspended high in air;
 But gently dropping to the nest,
 Finds real pleasure there.

O'KEEFE.

SLEEP.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's best nurse! how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, lyest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallads stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night, flyest to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopy of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why lyest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the sea-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest night
 Deny it to a king?

SHAKESPEARE.

SLEEP (continued).

O sacred rest !
 Sweet pleasing sleep ! of all the powers the best !
 O peace of mind ! repairer of decay,
 Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day ;
 Care shuns thy soft approach, and, sullen, flies away.

DRYDEN.

Sleep, that locks up the senses from their care ;
 The death of each day's life ; tired Nature's bath !
 Balm for hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
 Death's counterfeit,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.—SHAKESPEARE.

The timely dew of sleep
 Now falling, with soft slumberous weight inclines
 My eyelids. MILTON.

Then gentle sleep, with soft oppression, seized
 My drowsy sense. MILTON.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings ;
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure, and yet unrivalled springs.
 CHARLES COTTON.

Come to me, gentle sleep !
 I pine, I pine for thee ;
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
 And set my spirit free !—MRS. HEMANS.

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe ;
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.
 SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SLEEP (continued).

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary queen the praise be given,
 She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
 That slid into my soul.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

O gentle sleep! do they belong to thee,
 Those twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,
 A captive never wishing to be free!

WORDSWORTH.

SMILE.

A smile that glowed
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.—MILTON.

She spoke it with a smile
 That seemed at once to pity and revile.—COWLEY.

What charms has sorrow in that face?
 Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;
 Yet now and then a melancholy smile
 Breaks out, like lightning in a winter's night,
 And shows a moment's day.—DRYDEN.

While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
 But where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

T. MOORE.

SOLDIER.

Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

SOLDIER (continued).

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.

SHAKESPEARE.

A leader seemed
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, to stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle; open when, and when to close
 The vigour of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat; no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear; each on himself relied,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory.

MILTON.

He in the battle had a thirsty sword,
 And well 'twas glutted there.

DRYDEN.

The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe.
 Brave, though we fall, and honoured if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

POPE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimmed, for ever crost:
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel
 When all but life and honour's lost!

T. MOORE.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

SPRING (continued).

The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below !
 O the spring, the bountiful spring !
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The pleasant spring, the joyous spring !
 His course is onward now ;
 He comes with sunlight on his wing,
 And beauty on his brow ;
 His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
 And throbs along the main,—
 'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
 And trembling o'er the plain.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

The spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
 With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
 And with it comes a thirst to be away
 In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours,
 A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,
 Wild for companionship with swifter things.

WILLIS.

Welcome sweet season of delight ;
 What beauties charm the wond'ring sight
 In thy enchanting reign !
 How fresh descends the morning dew,
 While opening flowers of various hue
 Bedeck the sprightly plain.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

The love-thrilling hedge-birds are wild with delight ;
 Like arrows loud whistling the swallows flit by ;
 The rapturous lark, as he soars out of sight,
 Sends us sun-lighted melody down from the sky.
 In the air that they quaff, all the feathery throng
 Taste the spirit of spring that outbursts in a song.

HORACE SMITH.

SPRING (continued).

When early primroses appear,
 And vales are decked with daffodils,
 I hail the new-reviving year,
 And soothing hope my bosom fills.
 The lambkin bleating on the plain,
 The swallow, seen with gladdened eye,
 The welcome cuckoo's merry strain,
 Proclaim the joyful summer nigh.—WILLIAMS.

Welcome! all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
 Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing;
 Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;
 Fragrance floats by on the soft southern breeze;
 Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth:
 One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth;
 The lark soars above, with his shrill matin strain;
 The shepherd-boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.

ELIZA COOK.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

THOMSON.

STARS.

There is no light in earth or heaven
 But the cold light of the stars;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.—LONGFELLOW.

The gems of heaven, that gild night's sable throne.

DRYDEN.

MORNING STAR.

Fairest of stars, last of the train of night!
 If better thou belong not to the dawn;
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet.

MILTON.

N

STARS (continued).

EVENING STAR.

Bright Hesperus, that leads the starry train,
 Whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth: short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night. MILTON.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
 The moon in brightness walks on high,
 And, set in azure, every star
 Shines a pure gem of heaven afar. MRS. HEMANS.

Oh, who can witness with a careless eye
 The countless lamps that light an evening sky,
 And not be struck with wonder at the sight!
 To think what mighty power must there abound,
 That burns each spangle with a steady light,
 And guides each hanging world its rolling round?
JOHN CLARE.

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
 Your brilliant places in the sable vault
 Of night's dominions! planets, and central orbs
 Of other systems: big as the burning sun
 Which lights this nether globe; yet to our eye
 Small as the glowworm's lamp. KIRKE WHITE.

They glide upon their endless way,
 For ever calm, for ever bright;
 No blind hurry, no delay,
 Mark the daughters of the night:
 They follow in the track of day
 In divine delight. BARRY CORNWALL.

STARS (continued).

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
 To weave the dance that measures the years;
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
 To the furthest wall of the firmament,
 The boundless visible smile of Him,
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

BRYANT.

Shine out, stars! let heaven assemble
 Round us every festal ray;
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 All to grace this eve of May. T. MOORE.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the west,
 Whose panes the sunken incarnadines,
 Like a fair lady at her casement shines
 The evening star, the star of love and rest!
 And then anon she doth herself divest
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
 Beyond the solemn screen of yonder pines,
 With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
 My morning and my evening star of love!
 My best and gentlest lady, even thus,
 As that fair planet in the sky above,
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
 And from thy darkened window fades the light!

LONGFELLOW.

Stars! ever bright and placid stars,
 Meek fires, resplendent dew!
 How vain the dream that earthly jars
 Have ministers in you!
 Yet who e'er gazed, and long withstood
 Such dreams of fancied brotherhood?

MISS JEWSBURY (MRS. FLETCHER).

STEAM.—STEAM-ENGINE.

The vaporous power, whose close-pent breath,
 Potent alike and prompt to great or small,
 Now rives the firm-set rock, now deigns to point
 The needle's viewless sting; now drains the bed
 Of mighty rivers, or the tide of ocean;
 Now weaves the gossamer of silken robe,
 Beauty's fantastic tissue, iris-tinged,
 That floats with every breeze.

WILKS.

Motions and means, on land and sea at war

With old poetic feeling, not for this

Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!

Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar

The loveliness of nature, prove a bar

To the mind's gaining that pathetic sense

Of future change, that point of wisdom, whence

May be discovered what in soul ye are.

In spite of all that beauty may disown

In your harsh features, nature doth embrace

Her lawful offspring in man's art; and time,

Pleased with the triumphs o'er his brother space,

Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown

Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

WORDSWORTH.

STORM.

And this is in the night. Most glorious night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,

A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,

And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!

And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

BYRON.

Either tropic now

'Gan thunder: at both ends of heaven the clouds,

From many a horrid rift abortive, poured

Fierce rain with lightning mixed—water with fire

STORM (continued).

In ruin reconciled. Dreadful was the rack,
As earth and sky would mingle. Nor yet slept the
winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. MILTON.

STREAM.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till by degrees the crystal mirror shines;
Reflects each flower that on its border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON.

The innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,
On both its banks, to every flower and tree.

COWLEY.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream set free!
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee! MRS. HEMANS.

SUMMER.

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June,
'Tis blushing summer now;
The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
The fruit is on the bough.
Flora with Ceres, hand in hand,
Bring all their smiling train;
The yellow corn is waving high,
To gild the earth again. ELIZA COOK.

SUMMER (continued).

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
 Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth and skies,
 All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.—THOMSON.

Summer now unfolds her scenes ;
 Beauteous flowers, vernal greens,
 Break upon our ravished sight,
 Nature's wonders, with delight.

RICHARD TAYLOR.

Now each tree, by summer crowned,
 Sheds its own rich twilight round !
 Glancing there from sun to shade,
 Bright wings play ;
 There the deer its couch hath made—
 Come away !
 Where the smooth leaves of the lime
 Glisten in their honey-time—
 Come away—away !—MRS. HEMANS.

SUN.

The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
 (Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due)
 Dispenses light from far. They, as they move
 Their starry dance, in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering
 lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turned
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe ; and to each inward part,
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue, even to the deep.

MILTON.

SUN (continued).

And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.

POPE.

O sun! of this great world both eye and soul.

MILTON.

The sun comes forth; each mountain height
Glow with a tinge of rosy light;
The flowers, that slumbered through the night,
Their dewy leaves unfold:

A flood of splendour bursts on high,
And ocean's breast gives back a sky

All steeped in molten gold.

MRS. HEMANS.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
In party-coloured bands, till wide unveiled
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.

THOMSON.

O Phœbus! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

JOHNSON.

SWALLOW.

The swallows, privileged above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursue the sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shun the persecuting cold.
When frowning skies begin to change their cheer,
And time turns up the wrong side of the year,
They seek a better heaven and warmer climes.

DRYDEN.

SWALLOW (continued).

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
 And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun ;
 So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
 And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.
 COWPER.

O swallow, swallow ! flying, flying south,
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
 And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.
 O swallow, swallow ! if I could follow, and light
 Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
 And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

TENNYSON.

SWAN.

The silver swans sail down the watery road,
 And graze the floating herbage of the flood.
 DRYDEN.

The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
 And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.—GARTH.

Let bees and homebred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
 The swan on still St. Mary's lake
 Floats double—swan and shadow.

WORDSWORTH.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
 Of that wild place with joy
 Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
 The warble was low and full and clear ;
 And floating about the under sky,
 Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
 Sometimes afar and sometimes anear ;
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,
 With a music strange and manifold,
 Flowed forth on a carol free and bold.—TENNYSON.

SWAN (continued).

A solitary swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave, that seems to freeze,
Into a chaste reflection, still below,
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

T. HOOD.

TEARS.

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep :
Passion I see is catching; for my eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.

SHAKESPEARE.

He thrice essayed to speak, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

MILTON.

Mine is a grief of fury, not despair;
And if a manly drop or two fall down,
It scalds my cheeks; like a green wood
That, sputtering in the flames, works outward into
tears.

DRYDEN.

The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.

SHAKESPEARE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, while the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear.

BYRON.

TEARS (continued).

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
 Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
 When next the summer breeze comes by,
 It waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SCOTT.

THANKS.

With what becoming thanks can I reply?
 Not only words lie labouring in my breast,
 But thought itself is by thy praise oppressed.

DRYDEN.

Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
 And if I could,
 Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

DRYDEN.

Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you.

OTWAY.

TIME.

Oh, Time! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled;
 Time! the corrector when our judgments err;
 The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer;
 Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

BYRON.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same;
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay:
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.—COWPER.

TIME (continued).

Time speeds away—away—away :
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills, can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.

KNOX.

Inexorable king! thy sway
Is fixed on firm but cruel might :
It rolls indeed the radiant day,
But sinks it soon in deepest night ;
It bids the little flow'ret spring,
But while it waves its elfin wing,
Its fleeting glories go ;
It suffers hope to dance awhile,
Nursing the fondling's fatal smile,
That tears may faster flow ;
And only bids fair beauty bloom,
At last to blast it in the tomb.—HENRY NEELE.

Oh! never chide the wing of time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight!
You'll find the days speed quick enough,
If you but husband them aright.

ELIZA COOK.

TO-MORROW.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;
That is not ours which is to come !
The present moment's all our store,
The next should heaven allow,
Then this will be no more :
So all our life is but one instant—now!

CONGREVE.

We are not sure to-morrow will be ours ;
Wars have, like love, their favourable hours :
Let us use all, for if we lose one day,
The white one in the crowd may slip away.

DRYDEN.

TO-MORROW (continued).

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own!
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

DRYDEN.

The hoary fool, who many days
 Has struggled with continued sorrow,
 Renews his hopes, and blindly lays
 The desperate bet upon to-morrow:
 To-morrow comes,—'tis noon,—'tis night;
 This day like all the former fled;
 Yet on he runs to seek delight
 To-morrow, 'till to-night he's dead.—PRIOR.

Live, live to-day: to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set.—MARSDEN.

Where art thou, beloved to-morrow?
 When young and old, and strong and weak,
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
 In thy place—ah! well-a-day!—
 We find the thing we fled—To-day.—SHELLEY.

"To-morrow I will live," the fool doth say;
 To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.

COWLEY.

TREES.

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
 Wave proudly in the breeze;
 For our cradle bands and coffin boards,
 Must come from the forest trees.
 We bless you for your summer shade,
 When our weak limbs fail and tire;
 Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
 When we pile the bright log fire.

ELIZA COOK.

TREES (continued).

Trees, gracious trees ! how rich a gift ye are,
Crown of the earth ! to human hearts and eyes
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
Linked with your forms and kindly whisperings rise !

MRS. HEMANS.

I feel at times a motion of despite
Towards one whose bold contrivances and skill,
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part
In works of havoc ; taking from these vales,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours nursed
In the dry crannies of the pendant rocks ;
Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge
A veil of glory for the ascending moon ;
And oak, whose roots by moontide dew were damped,
And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety.

WORDSWORTH.

TWILIGHT. (See Evening.)

I love thee, twilight ! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, twilight, for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us, is given
By the cool soft evening hours.

MRS. HEMANS.

VIOLET.

A violet, by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye,
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky. WORDSWORTH.

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
 That heaven upon the earth doth fling,
 Ere winter's star has set;
 She dwells behind her leafy screen,
 And gives, as angels give, unseen;
 So, love—the violet.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Sweet tiny flower of darkly hue,
 Lone dweller in the pathless shade;
 How much I love thy pensive blue
 Of innocence so well displayed.—JOHN CLARE.

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
 In purple's richest pride arrayed,
 Your errand here fulfil;
 Go, bid the artist's simple stain
 Your lustre imitate in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.

JOHN CLARE.

The colour from the flower is gone,
 Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
 The odour from the flower is flown,
 Which breathed of thee, and only thee.

SHELLEY.

WELCOME.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come;

WELCOME (*continued*).

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

BYRON.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
 Where all will spring to meet us;
 Where hands are striving, as we come,
 To be the first to greet us.

ELIZA COOK.

Welcome as kindly showers to long parched earth.

DRYDEN.

Welcome as happy tidings after fears.—OTWAY.

WIND.—WINDS.

O sweet south wind!
 Long hast thou lingered midst those islands fair,
 Which lie enchanted on the Indian deep,
 Like sea-maids, all asleep,
 Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!
 O sweetest southern wind!
 Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind
 Thy dark rose-crowned hair.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Awful your power, when by your might
 You heave the wild waves, crested white,
 Like mountains in your wrath;
 Ploughing between them valleys deep,
 Which, to the seaman roused from sleep,
 Yawn like death's opening path.

BERNARD BARTON.

WIND (continued).

Oh, many a voice is thine, thou Wind ! full many a
 voice is thine,
 From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a
 sound and sign ;
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery
 all thine own,
 And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind ! that gives the
 answering tone. MRS. HEMANS.

WILD FLOWERS. (See Flowers.)

Scorn not those rude unlovely things,
 All cultureless that grow,
 And rank o'er woods and wilds and springs
 Their vain luxuriance throw.
 Eternal Love and Wisdom drew
 The plan of earth and skies ;
 And He the span of heaven that threw
 Commands the weeds to rise. J. F. SMITH.

Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
 Yet, wildlings of nature, I doat upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladdened the sight
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

CAMPBELL.

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love !
 The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
 And in your native woods and wilds to be ;
 All hearts, to nature true, ye strangely move ;
 Ye are so passing fair—so passing free :
 I love ye all. ROBERT NICOLL.

Along the sunny bank or watery mead,
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread :
 Peaceful and lovely, in their native soil,
 They neither know to spin nor care to toil,
 Yet, with confessed magnificence, deride
 Our vile attire and impotence of pride.—PRIOR.

WILD FLOWERS (*continued*).

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.—WORDSWORTH.

God loveth all his creatures,
Doth bless them hour by hour;
Then will he not of man take heed,
Who so much beauty hath decreed
Unto the wayside flower?—MARY HOWITT.

WINTER.

When raging storms deform the air,
And clouds of snow descend,
And the wide landscape bright and fair
In deepened shadows blend.
When biting frost rides on the wind,
Bleak from the north and east,
And wealth is at its ease reclined,
Prepared to laugh and feast;
Then let the bounteous hand extend
Its blessings to the poor,
Nor spurn the wretched as they bend
All suppliant at your door.—ANON.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And furry robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.
MARY HOWITT.

Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
THOMSON.

WINTER (continued).

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
 The church is decked with holly,
 Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam
 To fright away melancholy;
 Icicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,
 Younkers skate on the pool below,
 Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,
 And hark, how the cold winds blow!

HORACE SMITH.

The wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow,
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snow;
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;
 The bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

BURNS.

Dear boy, throw that icicle down,
 And sweep this deep snow from the door;
 Old Winter comes on with a frown,
 A terrible frown for the poor.
 In a season so rude and forlorn,
 How can age, how can infancy bear
 The silent neglect and the scorn
 Of those who have plenty to spare?

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,
 And desolation sweeps the ground,
 Come, winter! teach me how to draw
 A moral from the ruins round.—SANDERSON.

WOMAN.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made you
 To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you.

WOMAN (continued).

There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love. OTWAY.

In infancy, a tender flower,
 Cultivate her!
 A floating bark, in girlhood's hour,
 Softly freight her!
 When woman grown, a fruitful vine,
 Tend and press her!
 A sacred charge, in life's decline,
 Shield and bless her!—W. T. MONCRIEFF.

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament.
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn!
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
 WORDSWORTH.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made,—
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou! SCOTT.

Formed in benevolence of nature,
 Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
 Woman's the same endearing creature,
 In courtly town and savage wild.
 MRS. BARBAULD.

WOMAN (continued).

Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON.

WORDS.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.—POPE.

Words are but pictures of our thoughts.—DRYDEN.

His words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.—MILTON.

Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words ;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.—ROWE.

You have, by Fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office.—SHAKESPEARE.

A

CONCISE DICTIONARY

OF

PROPER RHYMES.

OBSERVATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS.



DICTIONARY of Rhymes should never be consulted by an author unless he finds himself at an absolute standstill for a rhyme; to habituate himself to writing with it under his eye would give a stiffness to his composition which it is desirable that poetry should not possess. It is in comic and satirical verse, where a greater number of words are available, that it will be found to be the most useful, as a new or unthought of rhyme will frequently suggest a new idea.

All rhymes proceed from the vowels A, E, I, O, U, and may be obtained by running over in the mind the words in which they are the dominant. Thus, to find "PERSUADE," and the words that rhyme with it, take "ADE," and then run through "ade" with the consonant that precedes it, as,—

Bade—which suggests "forbade."

Cade.

Dade—which you reject, being no word.

Eade—which you reject.

Fade.

Gade—which you reject.

Hade—which suggests "aid."

Jade.

Kade—which you reject.

Lade—which suggests “blade,” “slayed.”
 Made—which suggests “maid.”
 Nade—which suggests “neighed.”
 Oade—which you reject.
 Pade—which suggests “paid.”
 Qade—which you reject.
 Rade—which suggests “raid,” “trade,” “degrade,”
 “betrayed.”
 Sade—which suggests “said.”
 Tade—which suggests “rodomontade.”
 Uade—which you reject.
 Vade—which suggests “pervade,” “invade,” &c.
 Wade—which suggests “weighed.”

If neither of the rhymes in “ade” suit, in the like way run through “aid,” which will give you the words, as “suggested” above.

In consulting the dictionary for a rhyme, consider, in the like way, the vowel that precedes the last consonant of the word, and, if the word end in two or more consonants, then begin with the vowel that immediately precedes the first of them. For example, LAND: N is the first of the final consonants, A the vowel that precedes it. Turn to AND, and you will find band, grand, stand, &c.

Many words ending in ty, my, ate, ance, ence, ness, &c., which have *not* their accent on the last syllable, are used indiscriminately by our best poets to rhyme with the simple sounds sigh, fate, chance, sense, bless, &c.; this, however, can only be regarded as a sacrifice of sound to sense. The words are given in the following pages, but such deviations from strict rule should be indulged in as sparingly as possible.

For such words as ought not to form terminals, as well as to remarks on the formation of double and treble rhymes, the reader is referred to the chapter on Rhymes at the beginning of the Handbook.

RHYMES.

	AB				
blab		disgrace		stack	
cab		displace		tack	
crab		efface		thwack	
dab		embrace		track	
drab		enchase		wrack	
mab		grimace		arrack	
nab		misplace		attack	
scab		preface			ACT
stab		retrace		act	
		interlace		fact	
	ABE		ACH	pact	
babe		attach		tract	
		detach		abstract	
	ACE	(See ATCH.)		attract	
base			ACK	compact	
brace				contract	
case		back		detract	
chace		black		distract	
dace		brack		enact	
face		clack		exact	
grace		crack		extract	
lace		hack		protract	
mace		jack		react	
pace		knack		refract	
place		lack		subact	
race		pack		subtract	
space		quack		transact	
trace		rack		cataract	
abase		sack		counteract	
apace		slack		and the participles	
debase		smack		of the verbs in	
deface		snack		ACK.	

	AD		
add		cascade	safe
bad		cockade	unsafe
bade		comrade	vouchsafe
cad		crusade	
chad		decade	AFF
clad		degrade	chaff
dad		dissuade	draff
fad		evade	gaff
gad		gambade	graff
glad		grenade	laugh
had		invade	quaff
lad		parade	staff
mad		persuade	distaff
pad		pervade	tipstaff
sad		pomade	cenotaph
		unlade	epitaph
		upbraid	paragraph
	ADE	ambassade	
aid		ambuscade	AFT
blade		balustrade	aft
braid		barricade	craft
cade		bastinade	daft
fade		cannonade	draft
glade		cavalcade	draught
jade		colonnade	graft
lade		enfilade	haft
made		escalade	laughed
maid		lemonade	raft
neighed		marmalade	shaft
raid		masquerade	waft
said		palisade	abaft
shade		renegade	ingraft
spade		retrograde	priestcraft
trade		serenade	witchcraft
wade		rodomontade	handicraft
weighed		and the participles	and the participles
afraid		of the verbs in AY,	of the verbs in
arcade		EY, and EIGH.	AFF and AUGH.
blockade			
brigade		AFE	AG
brocade		chafe	bag

parentage
patronage
personage
pilgrimage
villanage
concubinage

AID, *see* ADE.

EIGHT., ATE.

AIGN .. ANE.

ALL

ail
ale
bail
bale
dale
fail
frail
gale
hail
hale
jail
mail
male
nail
pail
pale
quail
rail
sail
sale
scale
snail
stale
tale
trail
vail
vale

veil
 wail
 whale
 assail
 avail
 bewail
 curtail
 detail
 entail
 exhale
 impale
 prevail
 regale
 retail
 wassail
 countervail
 nightingale

AIM, see AME.

AIN

ain
bane
blain
brain
cane
chain
crane
deign
drain
fain
feign
gain
grain
lain
lane
main
mane
pain
plain
plane

AGE

ge
re
e
ge
lage
gaze
age
lge
itage

rain
reign
rein
slain
sprain
stain
strain
swain
train
twain
vain
vein
wain
wane
abstain
amain
arraign
attain
bestain
boatswain
campaign
champagne
cockswain
complain
constrain
contain
demain
detain
disdain
distrain
domain
enchain
engrain
explain
maintain
mortmain
murrain
obtain
ordain
pearmain
pertain

profane
quatrain
refrain
regain
remain
restrain
retain
sextain
sustain
unchain
ungain
appertain
castelain
entertain
porcelain
legerdemain

AINT

faint
feint
paint
plaint
quaint
saint
taint
teint
acquaint
attaint
complaint
constraint
distrain
restraint

AIR, *see* ARE.

AISE " AZE.

AIT " ATE.

AITH " ATH.

AIZE " AZE.

AKE

ache
ake
bake
brake
break
cake
drake
flake
hake
lake
make
quake
rake
sake
shake
slake
snake
spake
stake
take
wake
awake
bespake
betake
earthquake
forsake
mandrake
mistake
namesake
partake
retake
sweepstake
overtake
undertake

AL

shall
cabal
canal

admiral
animal
arsenal
cannibal
capital
cardinal
carnival
comical
conjugal
corporal
critical
festival
funeral
general
hospital
interval
literal
madrigal
magical
musical
mystical
natural
original
pastoral
pedestal
personal
physical
principal
prodigal
rational
several
temporal
tragical
whimsical
poetical
political
prophetical
reciprocal
rhetorical
satirical
tyrannical

There are many words with this termination, but as they are mostly adjectives, and not accented on the final syllable, it is needless to insert them; indeed, the three first words in this list are the only legitimate rhymes in **AL**.

ALD

bald
scald
herald
piebald
ribald
emerald
and the participles of the verbs in **ALL**.

ALE, *see* **AIL**.

ALF

calf
half
behalf
mooncalf

ALK

balk
calk
chalk
stalk
talk
walk

ALL

all

awl
ball
bawl
call
caul
crawl
fall
gall
hall
pall
scrawl
small
sprawl
squall
stall
tall
thrall
wall
appal
befall
enthrall
forestall
install
miscall
recall

ALM

balm
calm
palm
psalm
qualm
shalm
becalm
embalm
Alms rhymes to the plurals of the nouns and 3rd persons present of the verbs of this termination.

	ALT	dame	ban
alt		fame	can
fault		flame	clan
halt		frame	dan
malt		game	fan
salt		hame	'gan
shalt		lame	man
smalt		maim	pan
vault		name	ran
assault		same	scan
default		shame	span
exalt		tame	swan
	ALVE	acclaim	tan
calve		became	wan
carve		declaim	began
salve		defame	foreran
starve		disclaim	sedan
halve		exclaim	trepan
		inflame	unman
	AM	misname	artisan
am		proclaim	caravan
cram		reclaim	courtesan
dam		misbecame	harridan
dram		overcame	partisan
ham			pelican
ram		AMP	suburban
swam		camp	
beldam		champ	ANCE
grandam		clamp	chance
madam		cramp	dance
mill-dam		damp	glance
undam		lamp	lance
anagram		ramp	prance
epigram		stamp	trance
		swamp	advance
		vamp	askance
	AME	decamp	durance
aim		encamp	enhance
blame			entrance
came		AN	expanse
claim		an	finance

mischance
 arrogance
 circumstance
 complaisance
 concordance
 consonance
 countenance
 dissonance
 ignorance
 ordinance
 sustenance
 temperance
 utterance
 vigilance
 deliverance
 extravagance
 intemperance

ANCH

blanch
 branch
 haunch
 launch
 paunch
 ranch
 staunch

AND

and
 band
 bland
 brand
 gland
 grand
 hand
 land
 rand
 sand
 stand
 strand
 wand

command
 demand
 disband
 errand
 expand
 gainstand
 headland
 inland
 countermand
 reprimand
 understand

ANG

bang
 clang
 fang
 gang
 hang
 pang
 rang
 sang
 slang
 sprang
 tang
 twang
 harangue
 overhang

ANGE

change
 grange
 mange
 range
 strange
 arrange
 estrange
 exchange
 interchange

ANK

bank

blank
 clank
 crank
 dank
 drank
 flank
 frank
 hank
 lank
 plank
 prank
 rank
 sank
 shank
 shrank
 stank
 tank
 thank
 twank
 disrank
 pickthank
 mountebank

ANSE, *see* ANCE.

ANT

ant
 can't
 cant
 chant
 grant
 pant
 plant
 rant
 scant
 slant
 aslant
 decant
 descant
 displant
 enchant

gallant
 implant
 recant
 transplant
 adamant
 adjutant
 alterant
 appellat
 arrogant
 combatant
 complaisant
 confidant
 consonant
 conversant
 cormorant
 covenant
 disenchant
 disputant
 dissonant
 dominant
 elegant
 elephant
 generant
 ignorant
 iterant
 litigant
 mendicant
 militant
 occupant
 operant
 petulant
 predicant
 Protestant
 recant
 relevant
 resonant
 ruminant
 suppliant
 supplicant
 sycophant
 termagant

vigilant
 visitant
 cohabitant
 communicant
 concomitant
 exorbitant
 extravagant
 exuberant
 inhabitant
 intolerant
 itinerant
 participant
 precipitant
 predominant
 protuberant
 refrigerant
 reverberant
 significant
 insignificant

AP

cap
 chap
 clap
 crap
 flap
 gap
 hap
 knap
 lap
 map
 nap
 pap
 rap
 sap
 scrap
 slap
 snap
 strap
 tap
 trap

wrap
 enwrap
 entrap
 kidnap
 madcap
 mishap

APE

ape
 cape
 chape
 crape
 drape
 gape
 grape
 nape
 rape
 scape
 scrape
 shape
 tape
 agape
 escape
 landscape

APH, *see* AF

APSE

lapse
 collapse
 elapse
 perhaps
 relapse
 and the plur.
 the nouns, an
 person prese
 the verbs in /

APT

apt
 capt

chapt	ARB	poniard
rapt	barb	regard
adapt	garb	renard
cloudcapt	rhubarb	retard
enrapt	ARCE	scabbard
unapt	farce	sluggard
and the participles	scarce	tabard
of the verbs in AP.	and the plural of	tankard
AR	nouns and 3rd per-	disregard
are	son present of the	interlard
bar	verbs in AR.	and the participles
car	ARCH	of the verbs in AR.
czar	arch	ARE
far	larch	air
gnar	march	aire
jar	parch	bare
mar	starch	bear
par	countermarch	blare
spar	ARD	care
star	bard	chair
tar	card	dare
war	guard	e'er
afar	hard	fair
catarrh	lard	fare
debar	marr'd	flare
lazar	nard	glare
loadstar	pard	hair
unbar	shard	hare
angular	yard	heir
calendar	bombard	knare
popular	discard	lair
regular	drunkard	mare
scimitar	dullard	nare
secular	haggard	ne'er
singular	mallard	pair
titular	niggard	pare
vinegar	orchard	pear
particular	pollard	rare
perpendicular		scare
		share

snare
spare
square
stair
stare
swear
tare
tear
their
there
ware
wear
where

aware
beware
coheir
compare
declare
elsewhere
ensnare
forbear
forswear
howe'er
impair
prepare
repair
threadbare
welfare
whate'er
whene'er
where'er

ARF

dwarf
scarf
wharf
(See AFF.)

ARGE

barge
charge

large
marge
targe
discharge
enlarge
recharge
surcharge
overcharge

ARK

ark
bark
cark
chark
clark
dark
hark
lark
mark
park
sark
shark
spark
stark
embark
impark
remark

ARL

gnarl
marl
snarl

ARM

arm
barm
charm
farm
harm
alarm
disarm

ARN

barn
darn
tarn
yarn

ARP

carp
harp
scarp
sharp
warp
counterscarp

ARSH

harsh
marsh

ART

art
cart
chart
dart
hart
heart
inart
part
quart
smart
start
swart
tart
thwart
wart
apart
athwart
braggart
compart
depart
dispart
impart

placart
sweetheart
rampart
counterpart

ARTH,
see EARTH.

ARVE, *see* ALVE.

AS and ASS

ass
brass
class
gas
glass
grass
has
lass
mass
pass
was
alas
amass
arras
atlas
cuirass
lammas
morass
repass
surpass
candlemas
christmas
copperas
embarrass
martinmas
michaelmas

ASE, *see* ACE
and AZE.

ASH
ash
cash
clash
crash
dash
flash
gash
gnash
hash
lash
mash
plash
rash
sash
slash
squash
swash
thrash
trash
quash
wash
abash
bedash
calash
balderdash

ASK

ask
bask
cask
flask
mask
task
damask

ASP

asp
clasp
gasp
grasp

hasp
rasp
wasp

AST

blast
cast
fast
hast
last
mast
past
vast
aghost
avast
contrast
forecast
outcast
repast
overcast
paraphrast
and the participles
of the verbs in
ASS.

ASTE

baste
chaste
haste
paste
taste
waist
waste
distaste
foretaste
unchaste

and the participles
of the verbs in
ACE.

AT

at

bat
brat
cat
chat
fat
flat
gnat
hat
mat
pat
plat
rat
spat
sprat
that
vat

ATCH

batch
catch
cratch
hatch
latch
match
patch
ratch
scratch
slatch
smatch
snatch
swatch
thatch
watch
despatch
dispatch

ATE

ait
ate
bait
bate
date

eight
fate
freight
gate
grate
great
hate
late
mate
pate
plait
plate
prate
rate
sate
skate
slate
state
straight
strait
wait
weight

abate
alate
belate
collate
create
debate
dilate
elate
estate
ingrate
inmate
rebat
relate
sedate
translate
abdicate
abrogate
accurate

adequate
advocate
aggravate
agitate
alienate
antedate
antiquate
arbitrate
calculate
candidate
captivate
celebrate
celibate
circulate
congregate
consecrate
consulate
cultivate
dedicate
delegate
delicate
deprecate
derogate
desperate
dislocate
dissipate
educate
elevate
emulate
estimate
extricate
fortunate
generate
gratulate
hesitate
imitate
imprecate
innovate
instigate
intimate
intricate

te	confederate
strate	congratulate
ate	considerate
ate	contaminate
rate	co-operate
nate	corroborate
nate	debilitate
onate	degenerate
rate	deliberate
nate	denominate
itate	depopulate
igate	disconsolate
ate	discriminate
bate	effeminate
rate	elaborate
ate	equivocate
late	eradicate
gate	evaporate
ate	exaggerate
erate	exasperate
nate	expostulate
te	exterminate
cate	facilitate
e	illiterate
inate	illuminate
rate	immoderate
imodate	importunate
nulate	inanimate
erate	intemperate
ionate	intimidate
ilate	intoxicate
pate	invalidate
late	inveterate
sinate	involute
itate	legitimate
late	necessitate
late	participate
memorate	perpetuate
iserate	precipitate
unicate	predestinate
assionate	predominate

premeditate
prevaricate
procrastinate
recriminate
regenerate
reiterate
reverberate
sophisticate
subordinate
unfortunate

There are nearly a thousand words with this termination; the most important only are given, as the student can scarcely be in want of a rhyme.

ATH

bath
lath
path
rath
wrath
aftermath

ATHE

bathe
lathe
rathe
scathe
swathe

AUB, *see* OB.

AUCE „ AUSE.

AUCH „ OACH.

AUD

broad

fraud	AUGHT,	awe
laud	see OUGHT.	caw
aboard	AULT, see ALT.	chaw
abroad	AUNCH	claw
applaud	haunch	craw
defraud	launch	daw
and the participles	paunch	draw
of the verbs in A.W.	staunch	flaw
AVE	AUNSE,	gnaw
brave	see ONSE.	haw
cave	AUNT	jaw
crave	aunt	law
drave	daunt	maw
gave	flaunt	paw
glave	gaunt	pshaw
grave	haunt	raw
have	jaunt	saw
knave	taunt	shaw
lave	vaunt	spa
nave	avaunt	straw
pave	AUSE	thaw
rave	cause	taw
save	claws	bashaw
shave	clause	foresaw
slave	gauze	kickshaw
stave	pause	macaw
thrive	applause	outlaw
trave	because	withdraw
wave	and the plurals of	AWD, see AU
behave	the nouns and 3rd	AWK „ ALI
bondslave	person present of	AWL „ ALI
conclave	the verbs in A.W.	AWN
deprave	AUST, see OST.	brawn
engrave	AW	dawn
forgave		drawn
misgave		fawn
outbrave		gnawn
architrave		
AUGH, see AFF. aw		

lawn
pawn
prawn
spawn
yawn
withdrawn

AX

axe
flax
lax
tacks
tax
wax
climax
relax

and the plurals of
the nouns and 3rd
person plural of the
verbs in ACK.

AY

bay
bray
clay
day
dray
fay
flay
fray
gay
grey
hay
jay
lay
may
neigh
pay
play
pray
prey
ray

say
slay
spray
stay
sway
they
tray
way
affray
allay
array
assay
astray
away
belay
betray
bewray
convey
decay
defray
delay
dismay
display
essay
forelay
gainsay
inlay
inveigh
obey
purvey
relay
repay
survey
withsay
disarray
disobey
roundelay

AZE

baize
blaze

craze
days
daze
gaze
glaze
maize
maze
phrase
praise
raise
rays
raze
adays
always
amaze
dispraise
emblaze
paraphrase
and the plurals of
the nouns and 3rd
person present of
the verbs in AY,
EIGH, and EY.

E and EA, *see* EE.

EACE, *see* EASE.

EACH

beach
beech
bleach
breach
breech
each
leach
leech
peach
preach
reach
speech

teach
appeach
beseech
impeach
misteach
overreach

EAD, *see* EDE and
EED.

EAF, *see* IEF.

EAGUE

brigue
league
colleague
fatigue
intrigue

EAK

beak
bleak
cheek
creek
creak
eke
freak
gleak
Greek
leak
leek
meek
peak
pique
reek
scream
seek
shriek
sleek
sneak
speak

squeak
steak
streak
weak
week
wreak
bespeak
oblique

EAL

deal
eel
feel
heal
heel
keel
kneel
meal
peal
peel
real
reel
leal
steal
steel
squeal
teal
veal
weal
wheel
zeal
anneal
appeal
conceal
congeal
repeal
reveal

EALM, *see* ELM.

EALTH
health

stealth
wealth
commonwealth

EAM

beam
bream
cream
deem
dream
fleam
gleam
phlegm
ream
scheme
scream
seam
seem
steam
stream
team
teem
theme
beseem
blaspheme
esteem
extreme
foredeem
misdeem
redeem
supreme
disesteem

EAN

bean
been
clean
dean
glean
green
keen

lean	perch	release
mean	search	frontispiece
mien	smirch	EASH, <i>see</i> ESH.
queen	research	EAST
screen		
seen	EARL	beast
spleen	churl	east
wean	curl	feast
yea	earl	least
between	furl	lest
careen	girl	priest
convene	hurl	yeast
demesne	pearl	and the participles
foreseen	purl	of the verbs in
machine	twirl	EASE.
obscene	whirl	EAT
serene		
terrene	EARN <i>see</i> ERN.	beat
unclean	EARSE „ ERSE.	bleat
intervene	EART „ ART.	cheat
magazine		eat
EANS, <i>see</i> ENSE.	EARTH	feat
EANT „ ENT.	birth	feet
EAP <i>see</i> EEP	dearth	fleet
and EP.	earth	gleet
	hearth	greet
EAK, <i>see</i> EER.	mirth	heat
		meat
	EASE	meet
EARD	cease	mete
beard	fleece	neat
rhymes with the	geese	peat
participles of the	grease	pleat
verbs in EER.	lease	seat
	niece	sheet
EARCH	peace	sleet
birch	piece	street
church	decease	sweet
lurch	increase	treat
		teat
		wheat

complete	conceive	deject
conceit	deceive	detect
concrete	perceive	direct
deceit	receive	dissect
defeat	relieve	effect
discreet	reprieve	eject
escheat	retrieve	elect
estreat	disbelieve	erect
intreat		expect
replete	EB	inject
retreat	bleb	insect
counterfeit	ebb	inspect
obsolete	neb	neglect
	web	object
EATH		perfect
breath	EBE	prefect
death	glebe	project
EATHE	ECK	prospect
breathe	beck	protect
seethe	check	reflect
sheath	deck	reflect
wreath	fleck	reject
bequeath	neck	respect
enwreath	peck	select
	reck	subject
EAVE	speck	suspect
cleave	wreck	traject
eve	rebeck	architect
grieve	redeck	circumspect
heave	ECT	dialect
leave	sect	disaffect
lieve	abject	disrespect
reve	affect	imperfect
sleeve	aspect	incorrect
thieve	collect	indirect
weave	confect	intellect
achieve	conject	intersect
aggrieve	correct	recollect
believe	deflect	retrospect
		and the participi

of the verbs in rhymes, and it is see
ECK. not necessary to she

ED

bed a specimen, take three
bled *pickled* with im- tree
bread *bred.* we

EDE, *see* EED.

EDGE

dread allee
fed decree
fled degree
head foresee
lead fusee
led grantee
read settee
red trustee
said absentee
shed appellee
shred assignee
slead devotee
sled jubilee
sped mortgagee
spread obligee
stead oversee
thread patentee
tread pedigree
wed referee
abed refugee
ahead
behead
imbred
instead
misled
maidenhead
overspread

EE

be
bee
fee
flea
flee
free
glee
he
key
knee
lea
Walker gives a lee
large number of me
words as rhymes pea
ending in "*ed*," plea
but they are not quay

EECE, *see* EASE.

EECH „ EACH.

EED

bead
bleed
breed
creed
deed
feed
freed

greed	heap	smear
heed	keep	spear
knead	leap	sphere
lead	neap	shear
mead	peep	steer
meed	reap	tear
need	sheep	tier
plead	sleep	tweer
read	steep	veer
reed	sweep	year
seed	weep	
speed	asleep	adhere
steed	instEEP	appear
weed		arrear
agreed		austere
concede		besmear
exceed	beer	career
impede	bier	cashier
implead	blear	cohere
indeed	cheer	compeer
misdeed	clear	endear
mislead	dear	revere
precede	deer	severe
proceed	drear	sincere
succeed	ear	uprear
supersede	fear	vener
EEF, <i>see</i> IFE.	gear	auctioneer
EEK „ EAK.	hear	bombardier
EEL „ EAL.	here	cavalier
EEM „ EAM.	jeer	chandelier
EEN „ EAN.	lear	chanticleer
EEP	leer	chariotteer
cheap	meer	chevalier
creep	mere	disappear
deep	near	domineer
	peer	engineer
	pier	garreteer
	queer	gazeteer
	rear	grenadier
	sear	halberdier
	seer	hemisphere
	slear	

interfere	wheeze	EIR	<i>see</i> ARR.
mountaineer	appease	EIT	„ ATE.
muleteer	disease	EIVE	„ EAVE.
musketeer	displease	EIZE	„ EEZE.
mutineer	and the plurals of	ELL	
overseer	the nouns and 3rd		
pamphleteer	person present of	bell	
persevere	the verbs in EE.	cell	
pioneer		dell	
privateer	EF	dwell	
scrutineer	deaf	ell	
volunteer		fell	
EESE, <i>see</i> EEZE.	EFT	hell	
EET „ EAT	cleft	knell	
EETH	deft	quell	
heath	heft	sell	
sheath	left	shell	
smeeth	reft	smell	
teeth	theft	spell	
wreath	weft	swell	
beneath	bereft	tell	
underneath •	EG	well	
EEVE, <i>see</i> EAVE.	beg	yell	
EEZE	dreg	befell	
breeze	egg	compel	
ease	keg	dispel	
freeze	leg	excel	
frieze	peg	expel	
grease	EIGH, <i>see</i> AY.	foretell	
lease	EIGHT „ AIT and	impel	
pease	ATE.	rebel	
please	EIGN „ AIN.	repel	
seize	EIL „ AIL.	resell	
sneeze	EIN „ AIN.	citadel	
squeeze	EINT „ AINT.	infidel	
tease		parallel	
these		sentinel	
		ELD	
		eld	

geld	pelt	den
held	smelt	fen
weld	swelt	glen
beheld	welt	hen
upheld		ken
withheld	ELVE	men
and the participles	delve	pen
of the verbs in EL.	helve	ten
	twelve	then
		wen
ELF	ELVES	when
elf	elves	wren
delf	themselves	again
pelf	and the plurals of	denizen
self	the nouns in ELF,	ENCE
shelf	and 3rd person pre-	dense
herself	sent of the verbs in	fence
himself	ELVE.	hence
		sense
ELK	EM	thence
elk	gem	whence
whelk	hem	commence
	stem	condense
ELM	them	defence
elm	diadem	dispense
helm	stratagem	expense
realm		immense
whelm	EME, <i>see</i> EAM.	incense
overwhelm		intense
	EMN	offence
ELP	condemn	prepenne
help	contemn	pretence
whelp		propense
yelp	EMPT	suspense
	tempt	conference
ELT	attempt	confidence
belt	contempt	consequence
Celt	exempt	continence
dealt		difference
felt	EN	diffidence
knelt		
melt	Ben	

diligence	drench	misspend
eloquence	French	obtend
eminence	quench	offend
evidence	stench	portend
excellence	tench	pretend
frankincense	trench	suspend
impotence	wench	transcend
impudence	wrench	unbend
indigence	intrench	apprehend
indolence	retrench	comprehend
inference		condescend
innocence	END	discommend
negligence	bend	dividend
penitence	blend	recommend
preference	end	reprehend
providence	fend	reverend
recompense	friend	and the participles
reference	lend	of the verbs in EN.
residence	mend	
reverence	rend	ENE, <i>see</i> EAN.
vehemence	send	
violence	spend	
benevolence	tend	ENGE
circumference	trend	avenge
concupiscence	vend	revenge
impenitence	wend	
impertinence	amend	ENGTH
improvidence	ascend	length
incontinence	attend	strength
indifference	befriend	
intelligence	commend	ENSE, <i>see</i> ENCE.
magnificence	compend	
omnipotence	contend	ENT
and the plurals of	depend	bent
the nouns and 3rd	descend	blent
person present of	distend	cent
the verbs in EN.	expend	dent
	extend	gent
	foresend	Kent
ENCH	impend	lent
bench	intend	meant
clench		pent

rent	aliment	nourishment
scent	argument	nutriment
sent	banishment	occident
spent	battlement	opulent
sprent	blandishment	parliament
tant	circumvent	penitent
vent	chastisement	permanent
went	competent	pertinent
	compliment	president
absent	confident	prevalent
accent	continent	provident
anent	corpulent	punishment
ascent	detriment	ravishment
assent	different	redolent
attent	diffident	regiment
cement	diligent	represent
consent	discontent	resident
content	document	rudiment
descent	eloquent	sacrament
dissent	eminent	sediment
event	evident	sentiment
extent	excellent	subsequent
ferment	excrement	supplement
foment	exigent	tenement
frequent	firmament	testament
indent	fraudulent	turbulent
intent	government	underwent
invent	imminent	vehement
lament	implement	violent
misspent	impotent	virulent
ostent	impudent	accomplishment
outwent	incident	acknowledgment
o'erspent	indigent	admonishment
present	innocent	arbitrament
prevent	insolent	armipotent
relent	instrument	astonishment
repent	languishment	bellipotent
resent	ligament	benevolent
unbent	malcontent	disparagement
abstinent	management	embellishment
accident	monument	equivalent

establishment
experiment
impenitent
impertinent
imprisonment
improvident
incompetent
incontinent
indifferent
intelligent
lineament
magnificent
omnipotent
temperament

EP

nep
skep
step
footstep
instep
parsnep

EPT

wept
accept
except
intercept

and the participles
of the verbs in EP
and some of the
verbs in EEP.

ER

blur
bur
cur
err
fir
fur
her
sir

slur
spur
stir
aver
bestir
concur
confer
defer
demur
deter
incur
infer
inter
prefer
refer
transfer
arbiter
canister
character
chorister
cottager
dowager
flatterer
forager
foreigner
gardener
grasshopper
harbinger
islander
lavender
lawgiver
loiterer
mariner
massacre
messenger
minister
murderer
officer
passenger
pillager

presbyter
provender
register
sepulchre
slanderer
sophister
sorcerer
theatre
thunderer
traveller
usurer
villager
voyager
waggoner
administer
astrologer
astronomer
idolater
interpreter
philosopher
amphitheatre

ERB, *see* URB.

ERCH „ EARCH.

ERCE „ ERSE.

ERD

bird
curd
gird
herd
sword
third
word
absurd
begird
engird
goatherd
jailbird

neatherd
shepherd
swineherd

ERE, *see* EER.

ERGE

dirge
gurge
purge
sooerge
serge
sperge
surge
urge
verge
virge
absterge
converge
deterge
diverge
emerge
immerge

ERN

burn
churn
dern
earn
fern
hern (heron)
kern
learn
spurn
stern
turn
urn
yearn
adjourn
concern
discern

excern
inurn
nocturn
return
sojourn
overturn

ERM, *see* IRM.

ERSE

burse
curse
hearse
nurse
terse
verse
worse
absterse
accurse
adverse
amerce
asperse
averse
coerce
commerce
converse
disburse
disperse
diverse
imburse
immerse
obverse
perverse
precurse
rehearse
reverse
subverse
transverse
traverse
universe
intersperse

ERT

birt
blurt
curt
dirt
flirt
girt
hurt
pert
shirt
skirt
spurt
squirt
vert
wart
wert
advert
alert
assert
astert
avert
concert
convert
desert
dessert
divert
expert
insert
invert
obvert
overt
revert
subvert
pervert
ungirt
unhurt
contravert
intervert

ERVE

curve

nerve
serve
swerve
asserve
conserve
deserve
disserve
observe
preserve
reserve
subserve

ESS

Bess
bless
cess
chess
cress
dress
guess
jess
less
mess
ness
press
sess
stress
yes
abscess
access
address
aggress
assess
caress
compress
confess
depress
digress
distress
excess
express

profess
redress
repress
success
transgress
unless
acquiesce
adulteress
bashfulness
bitterness
cheerfulness
comeliness
comfortless
diocess
dispossess
dizziness
drowsiness
drunkenness
eagerness
easiness
emptiness
evenness
fatherless
filthiness
foolishness
forwardness
frowardness
fruitfulness
fulsomeness
gentleness
giddiness
godliness
goodliness
governess
greediness
happiness
haughtiness
heaviness
heinousness
hoariness
holiness

hollowness
idleness
lawfulness
laziness
littleness
liveliness
loftiness
loveliness
lowliness
manliness
masterless
mightiness
motherless
motionless
nakedness
neediness
ne'ertheless
noisomeness
numberless
patroness
peevishness
pitiless
poetess
prophetess
ransomless
readiness
righteousness
shepherdess
sorceress
sordidness
spiritless
sprightliness
steadiness
sturdiness
surliness
tenderness
thoughtfulness
ugliness
usefulness
votaress
wakefulness

wantonness
 weaponless
 weariness
 wickedness
 wilderness
 willingness
 wretchedness
 embassadress
 forgetfulness
 uneasiness
 unhappiness
 lasciviousness
 perfidiousness

ESE, *see* EEZE.

ESH

flesh
 fresh
 mesh
 nesh
 plesh
 thresh
 afresh
 refresh

ESK

desk
 burlesque
 grotesque
 picturesque

EST

best
 breast
 chest
 crest
 drest
 gest
 guest
 hest
 jest

lest
 nest
 pest
 quest
 rest
 test
 vest
 west
 zest
 abreast
 acqurest
 arrest
 attest
 behest
 bequest
 congest
 confest
 contest
 detest
 digest
 divest
 impest
 incest
 infest
 inquest
 invest
 molest
 obtest
 protest
 request
 revest
 suggest
 unrest
 interest
 manifest

and the participles
 of the verbs in
 ESS.

ET

ate

bet
 debt
 fret
 get
 jet
 let
 met
 net
 pet
 set
 spet
 sweat
 threat
 wet
 whet
 yet
 abet
 arret
 beget
 beset
 cadet
 coquet
 forget
 piquet
 regret
 alphabet
 amulet
 anchoret
 cabinet
 coronet
 epithet
 parapet
 rivulet
 violet

ETCH

fetch
 sketch
 stretch
 wretch

ETE, *see* EAT.

EVE, *see* EAVE.

EUM „ UME.

EW

blew
blue
brew
chew
clew
clue
coo
crew
cue
do
drew
due
ew
ewe
few
flew
glue
grew
hew
hue
Jew
Kew
knew
loo
mew
new
pew
screw
scrue
sew
shew
shoe
shoo
shrew
so

spew
strew
sue
threw
through
too
true
view
yew
you
who
woo
accrue
adien
ado
alloo
anew
askew
bamboo
bedew
beshrew
curfew
curlew
emmew
enchew
endue
ensue
eschew
halloo
imbrue
imbue
indue
perdue
purlicue
pursue
renew
review
subdue
tattoo
undo
withdrew

interview
residue

EX

sex
vex
annex
complex
convex
perplex
circumflex
and the plurals of
the nouns and 3rd
person present of
the verbs in ECK.

EXT

next
pretext
and the participles
of the verbs in ECK.

EY, *see* AY.

IB

bib
crib
drib
fib
gib
glib
nib
quib
rib
squib

IBE

bribe
gibe
kibe
scribe
tribe

ascribe
 describe
 imbibe
 inscribe
 prescribe
 proscribe
 rescribe
 subscribe
 transcribe
 circumscribe
 interscribe
 superscribe

ICE

bice
 dice
 ice
 grice
 lice
 mice
 nice
 price
 rice
 slice
 spice
 thrice
 trice
 twice
 vice
 advice
 concise
 device
 entice
 suffice
 artifice
 avarice
 benefice
 cicatrice
 cockatrice
 edifice
 orifice

paradise
 precipice
 prejudice
 sacrifice

ICH, *see* ITCH.

ICK

brick
 chick
 click
 crick
 kick
 lick
 nick
 pick
 prick
 quick
 sick
 slick
 stick
 thick
 tick
 trick
 wick
 asthmatic
 catholic
 choleric
 heretic
 politic
 rhetoric
 schismatic
 arithmetic

ICT

strict
 addict
 afflict
 convict
 inflict
 contradict

interdict
 and the participle
 of the verbs *i*
 ICK.

ID

bid
 chid
 hid
 kid
 lid
 'mid
 quid
 rid
 forbid
 pyramid

IDE

bide
 bride
 chide
 died
 dyed
 glide
 guide
 hide
 nide
 pied
 pride
 ride
 side
 slide
 stride
 tide
 wide
 abide
 aside
 astride
 beside
 bestride
 betide

confide	bye	outfly
decide	cry	outvie
deride	die	rely
divide	dry	reply
inside	dye	supply
misguide	eye	untie
preside	fie	agony
provide	fly	amplify
subside	fry	anarchy
coincide	hie	apathy
fratricide	high	armoury
homicide	lie	artery
matricide	lye	augury
parricide	my	battery
regicide	nigh	beautify
suicide	pie	beggary
infanticide	ply	bigamy
	pry	blasphemy
IDES	rye	bravery
ides	shie	brevity
besides	shy	bribery
which rhyme to the	sigh	calumny
plurals of the nouns	sky	canopy
and 3rd person present	sly	cavalry
of the verbs in	spy	certainly
IDE.	sty	certify
	thigh	charity
IDGE	tie	chastity
bridge	try	chemistry
midge	vie	chivalry
ridge	why	clemency
abridge	ally	colony
	awry	comedy
IDST	belie	company
didst	comply	constancy
midst	decry	contrary
amidst	defy	courtesy
	deny	crucify
IE or Y	descri	cruelty
buy	espy	custody
by	imply	decency

deify	industry	piety
deity	infamy	pillory
destiny	infancy	piracy
diary	infantry	pleurisy
dignify	injury	policy
dignity	jollity	poesy
drapery	justify	poetry
drollery	knavery	poverty
drudgery	laity	privacy
ecstasy	legacy	privity
edify	lenity	probity
elegy	leprosy	prodigy
embassy	lethargy	progeny
enemy	liberty	property
energy	library	prophecy
enmity	livery	purify
equity	lottery	putrify
factory	loyalty	qualify
faculty	lunacy	quality
fallacy	luxury	quantity
falsify	magnify	raillery
falsity	majesty	rarity
family	malady	ratify
fealty	melody	rectify
finery	memory	regency
flattery	misery	remedy
fortify	modesty	ribaldry
gaiety	modify	robbery
galaxy	mollify	rosemary
gallantry	monarchy	salary
gallery	mortify	sanctify
glorify	mutiny	sanctity
gluttony	nicety	satisfy
granary	novelty	scarcity
gratify	nursery	scarify
gravity	pacify	scrutiny
harmony	perfidy	secrecy
heresy	perjury	signify
history	penalty	simony
honesty	penury	slavery
husbandry	petrify	sorcery

specify	antipathy	fatality
stupefy	antiquity	felicity
subsidy	anxiety	fertility
symmetry	apology	fidelity
sympathy	apostasy	formality
symphony	artillery	frugality
tapestry	astronomy	futurity
terrify	austerity	geography
testify	authority	geometry
tragedy	avidity	gratuity
treachery	calamity	hostility
treasury	capacity	humanity
trinity	captivity	humidity
trumpery	casualty	humility
tyranny	civility	hypocrisy
unity	community	idolatry
urgency	concavity	imagery
usury	confederacy	immensity
vacancy	conformity	immodesty
vanity	congruity	immunity
verify	conspiracy	impiety
versify	cosmography	improbability
victory	credulity	impunity
vilify	curiosity	impurity
villany	declivity	inanity
vitriify	deformity	incendiary
vivify	delivery	inclemency
votary	democracy	inconstancy
ability	dexterity	indemnify
absurdity	discovery	indemnity
academy	dishonesty	infinity
acclivity	disloyalty	infirmity
accompany	disparity	infirmity
activity	diversity	iniquity
adultery	divinity	integrity
adversity	emergency	majority
affinity	enormity	malignity
agility	equality	maturity
alacrity	eternity	minority
allegory	extremity	morality
anatomy	facility	mortality

mystery
 nativity
 necessity
 neutrality
 nobility
 obscurity
 perplexity
 perversity
 philosophy
 polygamy
 posterity
 priority
 propensity
 prosperity
 rapidity
 recovery
 sagacity
 sanctuary
 satiety
 security
 severity
 simplicity
 sincerity
 sobriety
 society
 solemnity
 solidity
 soliloquy
 sovereignty
 sterility
 stupidity
 supremacy
 temerity
 timidity
 tranquillity
 vacuity
 validity
 variety
 virginity
 vivacity
 affability

ambiguity
 animosity
 assiduity
 auxiliary
 consanguinity
 equanimity
 etymology
 genealogy
 generosity
 immaturity
 immorality
 importunity
 inability
 inactivity
 incapacity
 incivility
 incongruity
 incredulity
 inequality
 infidelity
 instability
 invalidity
 liberality
 magnanimity
 mediocrity
 mutability
 opportunity
 partiality
 perpetuity
 perspicuity
 probability
 prodigality
 sensibility
 sensuality
 unanimity
 university
 visibility
 familiarity
 immutability
 impartiality
 impetuosity

impossibility
 inflexibility
 uniformity

IECE, *see* EASE.

IEF

beef
 brief
 chief
 fief
 grief
 leaf
 lief
 sheaf
 thief
 belief
 relief

IEGE

liege
 siege
 assiege
 besiege

IELD

field
 shield
 wield
 yield
 afield

and the participles
 of some of the verbs
 in EAL.

IEN, *see* EEN.

IEND „ END.

IERCE

fierce

pierce		jig		gill
tierce		lig		grill
IEST <i>see</i> EAST.		pig		hill
IEVE „ EAVE.		prig		ill
		rig		kill
		sprig		mill
	IFE	swig		nil
fife		twig		pill
knife		Whig		quill
life		wig		rill
rife			IGE	shrill
strife			oblige	sill
wife			disoblige	skill
				skril
	IFF			spill
cliff		IGH, <i>see</i> IE.		still
if				swill
skiff		IGHT „ ITE.		thill
sniff				thrill
stiff		ING „ INE.		till
tiff				trill
whiff		IGUE „ EAGUE.		will
				distil
			IKE	fulfil
	IFT	dike		instil
clift		like		codicil
drift		Mike		daffodil
gift		pike		utensil
lift		spike		
rift		strike		The participles of
shift		alike		some of the verbs
sift		dislike		in this termination
thrift				will rhyme.
adrift			ILL	ILD
		bill		child
	IG	brill		mild
big		chill		smiled
dig		dill		styled
fig		drill		wild
gig		fill		beguiled
grig		frill		reviled

and the other par- milk
ticiples of the verbs silk
in ILE.

ILE

aisle
bile
chyle
file
guile
isle
mile
Nile
pile
rile
smile
stile
style
tile
vile
while
wile
awhile
compile
defile
e'erwhile
exile
profile
revile
senile
somewhile
camomile
crocodile
domicile
imbecile
inhabile
juvenile
reconcile
volatile
bilk

ILK

built
gilt
guilt
hilt
jilt
lilt
quilt
spilt
stilt
tilt

filth
tilth

brim
dim
grim
him
hymn
limb
limn
rim
skim
slim
swim
trim

chime
climb
clime
crime
dime
grime
lime

ILT

ILTH

IM

IME

mime
prime
rhyme
rime
slime
thyme
time
begrime
mistime
pastime
sublime
maritime
pantomime

IMP

imp
gimp
limp
pimp

IMPSE

glimpse
rhymes to the plu
rals of the noun
and 3rd person pre
sent of the verbs i
IMP.

IN

bin
chin
din
fin
gin
glyn
grin
in
inn
kin
lin
pin

shin
sin
skin
spin
thin
tin
twin
win

begin
chagrin
heroine
unpin
within
assassin
bombasin
capuchin
javelin
mandarin
metheglin
origin
violin

INCE

mince
prince
quince
rinse
since
wince
convince
evince

INCH

clinch
finch
inch
pinch
winch

INCT

distinct
extinct

instinct
precinct
succinct
and the participles
of some of the
verbs in INK.

IND

bind
blind
find
hind
kind
grind
mind
rind
wind
behind
remind
unkind
unwind

and the participles
of the verbs in
INE.

INE

bine
brine
chine
dine
fine
kine
line
mine
nine
pine
Rhine
shine
shrine
sign
sine

spine
swine
thine
tine
trine
twine
vine
whine
wine
assign
calcine
canine
combine
confine
consign
decline
define
design
divine
entwine
fascine
incline
inshrine
opine
outshine
recline
repine
resign
saline
supine
untwine
adventine
alkaline
aquiline
concubine
coralline
crystalline
countermine
discipline
disencline

feminine
interline
intertwine
libertine
masculine
metalline
palatine
porcupine
quarantine
serpentine
superfine
turpentine
underline
undermine
undersign
valentine
elephantine

ING

bring
cling
fling
king
ling
ring
sing
sling
sting
string
swing
thing
wing
wring

INGE

cringe
fringe
hinge
singe
springe
swinge
twinge

infringe
unhinge

INK

blink
brink
chink
clink
drink
ink
link
pink
prink
shrink
sink
slink
stink
swink
think
tink
wink
bethink
forethink
hoodwink

INT

dint
flint
hint
lint
mint
print
squint
tint
asquint
imprint

IP

chip
clip
dip

drip
flip
grip
hip
lip
nip
pip
rip
scrip
ship
sip
skip
slip
snip
strip
tip
trip
whip
atrip
equip
unship
eldership
fellowship
partnership
rivalship
scholarship
workmanship
and many o
words ending
"ship."

IPE

gripe
pipe
ripe
snipe
stripe
tripe
type
wipe
bagpipe

hornpipe	attire	whiz
unripe	conspire	abyss
windpipe	desire	amiss
archetype	entire	dismiss
prototype	esquire	remiss
	expire	submiss
	higher	
IPSE	inspire	ISE, <i>see</i> ICE and
eclipse	nigher	IZE.
rhymes to the plu-	retire	
rals of the nouns	satire	ISH
and 3rd person of	transpire	
the verbs in IP.		cuish
		dish
IR, <i>see</i> UR.	IRGE, <i>see</i> ERGE.	fish
		pish
IRCH „ URCH.	IRL „ EARL.	wish
IRD „ ERD.	IRM	ISK
	firm	brisk
	sperm	disk
IRE	term	frisk
brier	worm	risk
choir	affirm	whisk
dire	confirm	basilisk
fire	glowworm	tamarisk
friar	infirm	
gire		ISP
hire	IRST, <i>see</i> URST.	crisp
ire		lisp
lyre	IRT „ ERT.	wisp
mire		
quire	IRTH „ EARTH.	IST
shire		fist
sire	IS and ISS	hist
spire	bliss	list
squire	his	mist
tire	hiss	trist
wire	is	twist
acquire	kiss	whist
admire	miss	wist
aspire	this	wrist

assist	nit	twitch
consist	pit	which
desist	quit	witch
exist	sit	bewitch
insist	slit	
persist	smitt	ITE
resist	spit	bight
subsist	split	bite
alchymist	sprit	blight
amethyst	tit	blite
anatomist	twit	bright
antagonist	whit	cite
coexist	wit	fight
dramatist	writ	flight
eucharist	acquit	fright
evangelist	admit	height
exorcist	commit	hight
herbalist	emit	kite
humorist	omit	knight
journalist	outwit	light
oculist	permit	might
organist	refit	mite
satirist	remit	night
and many other	submit	plight
nouns of a similar	transmit	quite
character ending	benefit	right
in "ist."	intermit	rite
	perquisite	sight
IT		site
bit	ITCH	slight
brit	bitch	spight
chit	ditch	spite
cit	flitch	smite
fit	hitch	sprite
flit	itch	tight
frit	niche	trite
grit	nitch	white
hit	pitch	wight
kit	rich	wright
knit	stitch	write
lit	switch	affright

alight	satellite	furtive
aright	underwrite	outlive
bedight	unpolite	deceptive
benight	theodolite	donative
contrite	ITH	laxative
delight	frith	linitive
despite	pith	lucrative
excite	smith	narrative
foresight	with	negative
ncite	forthwith	perspective
indict	ITHE	positive
insight	blithe	primitive
invite	hithe	purgative
polite	lithe	sensitive
recite	scythe	vegetive
requite	tithe	affirmative
unite	writhe	alternative
unsight	IVE	contemplative
upright	dive	demonstrative
aconite	drive	diminutive
appetite	gyve	distributive
apposite	hive	inquisitive
bedlamite	rive	preparative
Carmelite	strive	prerogative
chrysolite	swive	provocative
cosmopolite	thrive	restorative
disunite	wive	IX
expedite	alive	fix
exquisite	arrive	flit
favourite	connive	mix
hypocrite	deprive	six
infinite	revive	affix
impolite	survive	infix
opposite	IV	prefix
oversight	give	transfix
parasite	live	crucifix
perquisite	sieve	intermix
proselyte	forgive	and the plurals of
recondite		the nouns and 3rd
requisite		
reunite		

person present of
the verbs in ICK.

IXT
betwixt
rhymes with the
participles of the
verbs in IX.

IZE
guise
prize
rise
size
thighs
wise
advise
assize
baptize
chastise
comprise
despise
devise
disguise
excise
premise
revise
surmise
surprise
aggrandize
authorize
canonize
civilize
criticise
enterprise
exercise
formalize
gormandize
harmonize
idolize
legalize

moralize
partialize
realize

scandalize
signalize
solemnize
syllogize
sympathize
tyrannize
tantalize
vocalize

apologize
apostrophize
immortalize
naturalize
philosophize

and numerous other
words ending in
IZE, also the plu-
rals of the nouns
and 3rd person pre-
sent of the verbs
in IE and Y. (See
also ICE.)

O, *see* OO and OW.

OACH

broach
coach
poach
roach
albroach
approach
encroach
reproach

OAD, *see* ODE.

OAF „ OFF.

OAK „ OKE.

OAL *see* OLE.

OAM „ OME.

OAN „ ONE.

OAP „ OPE.

OAR „ ORE.

OARD „ ORD.

OAST „ OST.

OAT „ OTE.

OATH „ OTH.

OB

bob
cob
fob
job
knob
lob
mob
nob
rob
sob
throb

OBE

globe
lobe
probe
robe
conglobes
disrobe
enrobe

OCE, *see* OSE.

block	OCK	load	log
clock		mode	mog
cock		ode	agog
crock		road	prologue
dock		rode	catalogue
flock		strode	dialogue
frock		toad	epilogue
knock		abode	pedagogue
lock		corrode	synagogue
mock		explode	
rock		forebode	ODGE
shock		episode	dodge
slock		incommode	lodge
smock		OE, <i>see</i> OW.	OGUE
sock		OFF	rogue
stock		cough	vogue
		off	collogue
	OCT	scoff	disembogue
concoct		trough	prorogue
rhymes with the			OICE
participles of the		OFT	choice
verbs in OCK.		croft	voice
	OD	loft	rejoice
clod		oft	OID
God		soft	void
hod		toft	avoid
nod		aloft	
odd		and the participles	and the participles
plod		of the verbs in	of the verbs in OY.
pod		OFF.	OIL
quod		OG	boil
rod		bog	broil
shod		clog	coil
sod		cog	foil
tod		dog	moil
trod		fog	oil
	ODE	grog	soil
bode		hog	spoil
goad		jog	toil

accoil		OIST	hold
bemoil		foist	mold
cinqnefoil		hoist	mould
despoil		joist	old
embroil		moist	scold
recoil		rejoic'd	sold
trefoil			told
turmoil		OIT	wold
disembroil		coit	behold
	OIN	exploit	enfold
coin		OKE	foretold
groin		broke	unfold
join		choak	untold
loin		choke	uphold
adjoin		cloak	withhold
conjoin		coke	manifold
disjoin		croak	marigold
enjoin		joke	and the partici-
purloin		oak	ples of the verbs in
rejoin		poke	OLE.
subjoin		smoke	
	OINT	soak	OLE
joint		spoke	bole
oint		stoke	bowl
point		stroke	coal
anoint		woke	cole
appoint		yoke	dole
disjoint		awoke	droll
disappoint		bespoke	foal
counterpoint		invoke	goal
	OISE	provoke	hole
noise		revoke	jole
poise		unyoke	mole
counterpoise			pole
and the plurals of		OLD	role
the nouns and the		bold	roll
3rd person of the		cold	scroll
verbs in OY.		doled	shoal
		foaled	sole
		fold	soul
		gold	stole

toll	loam	own
troll	roam	prone
troul	tome	shone
whole	ON	shown
cajole	con	sown
condole	don	stone
control	swan	strown
enrol	ton	throne
patrol	anon	thrown
OLN	upon	tone
stoll'n	amazon	zone
swoll'n	cinnamon	alone
OLT	garrison	attone
bolt	skeleton	disown
colt	comparison	disthrowe
dolt	OND	enthrowe
holt	bond	o'erthrowe
jolt	conn'd	ONG
molt	fond	gong
moult	pond	long
revolt	beyond	prong
thunderbolt	despond	song
OLVE	correspond	strong
solve	diamond	thong
absolve	vagabond	throng
convolve	ONE	wrong
devolve	blown	along
dissolve	bone	belong
exolve	cone	dingdong
involve	crone	erelong
revolve	drone	oblong
OM, <i>see</i> UM.	flown	prolong
OME	groan	ONCE <i>see</i> UNCE.
comb	grown	ONGUE „ UNG.
dome	hone	ONK „ UNK.
foam	known	ONCE
home	loan	sconce
	lone	ensconce
	moan	

ONT		brook	room
font		cook	spoom
front		crook	tomb
want		hook	whom
OO, <i>see</i> EW.		look	womb
		rook	entomb
OOD		shook	
brood		took	OON
could		betook	boon
food		forsook	June
good		mistook	loon
hood		overlook	moon
mood		undertook	noon
rood			prune
should		OOL	soon
stood		cool	spoon
wood		fool	swoon
would		mule	tune
withstood		pool	attune
brotherhood		pull	buffoon
likelihood		rule	jeune
livelihood		school	lampoon
neighbourhood		stool	poltroon
understood		tool	untune
widowhood		wool	importune
and the participles		yule	
of the verbs in OO.		befool	OOP
		misrule	
OOF		ridicule	coop
hoof		overrule	droop
proof		vestibule	dupe
roof			hoop
woof		OOM	loop
aloof		bloom	poop
behoof		boom	scoop
disproof		broom	sloop
disroof		doom	soup
		gloom	stoop
		groom	swoop
		loom	troop
OOK			whoop
book			

OOR

boor
moor
poor
tour
your
amour
paramour

OOSE, *see* USE.

OOT

boot
bruit
brute
coot
foot
flute
fruit
hoot
loot
lute
moot
mute
root
route
shoot
soot
suit
acute
commute
compute
confute
cornute
depute
dilute
dispute
hirsute
impute
minute
permute

pollute
pursuit
recruit
refute
repute
salute
suppute
absolute
constitute
dissolute
institute
prosecute
prostitute
resolute
irresolute

OOTH

booth
smooth
sooth

OOZE

choose
lose
mews
news
noose
ooze
use
whose
abuse
amuse

OP

chop
crop
dop
drop
fop
hop
lop

mop
pop
prop
shop
sop
stop
swop
top
wop
unstop

OPE

cope
grope
hope
mope
pope
rope
scope
slope
soap
tope
trope
aslope
elope
antelope
interlope
horoscope
telescope
heliotrope

OPT

adopt
rhymes with the
participles of the
verbs in OP.

OR

abhor
ancestor
confessor

conqueror
counsellor
creditor
emperor
governor
metaphor
orator
senator
successor
ambassador
competitor
conspirator
progenitor

ORCH

porch
scorch
torch

ORCE

coarse
corse
course
force
hoarse
horse
source
discourse
divorce
endorse
enforce
perforce
recourse
remorse
resource
unhorse
intercourse

ORD

board
cord

ford
gourd
hoard
lord
sword
ward
abhorr'd
aboard
accord
afford
award
record
reward

and the participle a
of the verbs in ORE

ORE

boar
bore
core
door
floor
fore
four
goar
gore
hoar
lore
more
oar
ore
o'er
pore
pour
roar
score
shore
snore
soar
sore
store

swore
tore
whore
wore
adore
afore
ashore
before
deplore
explore
forlore
forswore
implore
restore
evermore
heretofore
hellebore
nevermore
sycamore

ORGE

forge
George
gorge
disgorge
regorge

ORK

cork
fork
pork
stork
work

ORLD

world
rhymes with the
participles of the
verbs in URL.

ORM

form

storm
swarm
warm
conform
deform
inform
perform
reform
transform
multiform
uniform

ORN

born
corn
dawn
horn
lawn
scorn
shorn
sworn
thorn
torn
warn
worn

adorn
forborne
forlorn
forsworn
suborn
capricorn
overborne
unicorn

ORST, *see* URST.

ORT

court
fort
port
quart

mort
short
snort
sort
sport
consort
disport
distort
exhort
export
extort
import
report
resort
retort
support
transport

ORTH

forth
fourth
north
worth

OSE

close
dose
gross
engross
jocose
morose
(*See* OZE.)

OSS

boss
cross
dross
foss
loss
moss

toss
across
emboss

OST

cost
frost
lost
tost
accost
emboss'd
exhaust

OST (OAST)

boast
coast
ghost
host
most
post
roast
toast

OT

blot
clot
cot
dot
got
grot
hot
jot
knot
lot
not
plot
pot
rot
Scot
shot

slot
 sot
 spot
 squat
 what
 yacht
 allot
 begot
 besot
 complot
 forgot
 counterplot

OTCH

botch
 crotch
 notch
 watch

OTE

bloat
 boat
 coat
 cote
 doat
 float
 gloat
 goat
 groat
 lote
 moat
 mote
 note
 oat
 quote
 rote
 smote
 stoat
 throat
 vote
 wrote

afloat
 denote
 devote
 promote
 remote
 anecdote
 antidote

OTH

broth
 cloth
 froth
 moth
 troth
 wroth
 betroth

OTH (OATH)

both
 clothe
 growth
 loth
 oath
 sloth

OUCH

couch
 crouch
 pouch
 slouch
 vouch
 avouch

OUD

cloud
 crowd
 loud
 proud
 shroud
 aloud

overcloud
 and the participles
 of some of the
 verbs in OW.

OVE

clove
 drove
 grove
 rove
 stove
 throve
 wove
 alcove
 devote
 inwove
 interwove

OVE (as UV)

dove
 glove
 love
 shove
 above

OVE (as UVE)

move
 prove
 approve
 disprove
 improve
 remove
 reprove

OUGHT

bought
 brought
 caught
 drought
 fought

fraught
nought
ought
sought
taught
thought
wrought
besought
bethought
forethought
methought

OUNCE

bounce
flounce
ounce
pounce
denounce
pronounce
renounce

OUND

bound
found
ground
hound
mound
pound
round
sound
wound
abound
aground
around
compound
confound
expound
profound
redound
renowned

resound
surround
and the participles
of the verbs in
OWN.

OUNG, *see* UNG.

OUNT

count
fount
mount
account
discount
dismount
miscount
remount
surmount

OUP, *see* OOP.

OUR

bower
cower
dower
flour
flower
hour
lower
our
power
shower
sour
tower
devour
deflower
empower
overpower

OURS

ours

rhymes to the plu-
ral of the nouns
and 3rd person
present of verbs
in OUR and

yours

with same in OOR.

OUSE

chouse
house
louse
mouse
souse

OUT

bout
clout
doubt
drought
flout
gout
grout
lout
pout
rout
scout
shout
snout
spout
sprout
stout
trout
about
devout
redoubt
misdoubt
throughout
without

OUTH

mouth
south

OW

bow
blow
crow
doe
dough
flow
foe
glow
go
grow
ho!
hoe
know
lo!
low
mow
no
oh!
roe
row
sew
shew
show
sloe
slow
snow
so
sow
stow
though
throw
toe
tow
traw
woe
ago
below
bestow
forego
foreknow

foreshow
overflow
overgrow
overthrow
reflow

OW (OUGH)

bough
bow
brow
cow
how
mow
now
plough
prow
row
slough
sow
thou
vow
allow
avow
endow
disallow
disavow

OWL

cowl
fowl
fowl
growl
howl
owl
prowl
scowl

OWN

brown

clown
crown
down
drown
frown
gown
town
adown
imbrown
renown

OWZE

blouse
blowze
browze
rouse
spouse
carouse
espouse

OX

box
fox
locks
ox
equinox
orthodox
heterodox
and the plurals of
the nouns and 3rd
person present of
the verbs in OCK.

OY

boy
buoy
cloy
coy
joy
toy
troy

alloy
annoy
convoy
decoy
destroy
employ
enjoy
viceroys

OZE

chose
close
doze
gloze
froze
hose
knows
lows
nose
owes
pose
prose
rose
those
toes
woes

arose
appose
compose
depose
disclose
dispose
enclose
expose
foreclose
impose
oppose
propose
repose
suppose
discompose

interpose
presuppose
recompose
and the plurals of
the nouns and 3rd
person present of
the verbs in OW.

UB

bub
chub
club
cub
dub
drub
grub
rub
scrub
shrub
snub
sub
tub
sillabub

UBE

cube
tube

UCE

dence
juice
luce
pruce
puce
sluice
spruce
truce
use
abstruse
abuse
conduce

deduce
disuse
excuse
induce
misuse
obtuseness
produce
profuse
recluse
reduce
seduce
traduce
introduce

UCH

clutch
crutch
Dutch
grutch
hutch
much
such
touch
retouch
insomuch
overmuch

UCK

buck
chuck
duck
luck
muck
pluck
Puck
ruck
struck
stuck
suck
truck
tuck

UCT

duct
conduct
construct
deduct
extract
induct
instruct
obstruct
product
subduct
aqueduct
circumduct
ventiduct
and the participles
of the verbs in
UCK.

UD

blood
bud
cud
flood
mud
scud
stud

UDE

brood
crude
feud
lewd
nude
prude
rude
shrewd
allude
conclude
delude
elude

exclude
extrude
exude
include
intrude
obtrude
preclude
prelude
protrude
seclude

aptitude
attitude
finitude
fortitude
gratitude
habitude
interlude
lassitude
latitude
longitude
magnitude
multitude
plenitude
promptitude
quietude
rectitude
sanctitude
servitude
solitude
turpitude

beatitude
decrepitude
ineptitude
infinitude
ingratitude
inquietude
necessitude
similitude
solicitude
vicissitude

and the participles
of the termination
EW.

UDGE

budge
drudge
fudge
grudge
judge
sludge
trudge
adjudge
forejudge
misjudge
prejudge
rejudge

UE, *see* EW

UFF

bluff
buff
chuff
cuff
huff
gruff
luff
muff
puff
ruff
rough
scruff
snuff
stuff
tough
enough
rebuff
counterbuff

UFT

tuft

and the participles
of the verbs in
UFF.

UG

bug
drug
dug
hug
jug
lug
mug
pug
rug
shrug
slug
snug

UICE, *see* USE.

UIDE „ IDE.

UILD „ ILD.

UILE „ ILE.

UILT „ ILT.

UINT „ INT.

UISE „ ISE

and USE.

UIE, *see* IE.

UKE

duke
puke
peruke
rebuke

UL

cull
dull
gull
hull
lull
mull
null
scull
skull
trull
annul
disannul

ULL

bull
full
pull
wool

bountiful
dutiful
fanciful
merciful
sorrowful
wonderful
worshipful

ULE, *see* OOL.

ULGE

bulge
divulge
indulge

ULK

bulk
hulk
sculk

ULSE

pulse

convulse
expulse
impulse
repulse

ULT

adult
consult
exult
indult
insult
occult
penult
result
tumult
difficult

UM *and* UMB

bomb
chum
come
crum
crumb
drum
dumb
gum
glum
grum
hum
mum
numb
rum
plum
plumb
scum
some
stum
sum
swum
thumb

thrum
 become
 benumb
 succumb
 burthensome
 Christendom
 cumbersome
 frolicsome
 hecatomb
 humorsome
 landanum
 martyrdom
 medium
 minium
 odium
 opium
 overcome
 pendulum
 premium
 quarrelsome
 speculum
 troublesome
 delirium
 effluvium
 elysium
 emporium
 encomium
 exordium
 millennium
 postulatatum
 sensorium
 ultimatatum
 equilibrium
 pericranium
 epithalamium

 UME
 fume
 plume
 rheum

assume
 consume
 deplume
 inhume
 perfume
 relume
 resume

UMP

bump
 chump
 clump
 crump
 dump
 hump
 jump
 lump
 mump
 plump
 pump
 rump
 stamp
 thump
 thrump
 trump

UN

done
 dun
 fun
 gun
 Hun
 none
 nun
 one
 pun
 run
 shun
 son
 spun
 stun
 sun

ton
 tun
 won
 begun
 forerun
 outrun
 overrun
 undone

UNCE

dunce
 once

UNCH

bunch
 crunch
 hunch
 lunch
 munch
 punch

UND

fund
 rhymes with the
 participles of the
 verbs in UN.

UNE, *see* OON.

UNG

bung
 clung
 dung
 flung
 hung
 lung
 'mong
 rung
 slung
 sprung
 strung

stung
sung
swung
tongue
wrung
young
among
unsung

UNGE

plunge
lunge
sponge
expunge

UNK

drunk
funk
junk
monk
punk
shrunken
slunk
sponk
spunk
stunk
sunk
trunk

UNT

blunt
brunt
front
grunt
hunt
lunt
runt
wont

UP

cup

sup
up

UPT

abrupt
corrupt
interrupt
and the partici-
ples of the verbs
in UP.

UR, *see* ER.

URB

curb
herb
verb
adverb
disturb
reverb
superb

URCH, *see*
EARCH.

URD, *see* ERD.

URE

cure
dure
lure
mure
pure
sure
ure
your
abjure
adjure
allure
assure
conjure

demure
depure
endure
immure
insure
inure
manure
mature
unsure
obdure
obscure
procure
secure

embrasure
epicure
insecure
immature
reassure
sinecure

URF

scurf
turf

URGE, *see* ERGE.

URK

birk
clerk
dirk
firk
irk
jerk
kirk
lurk
mirk
murk
perk
smirk
stirk
Turk
work

URL, *see* EARL.

URN „ ERN.

URST

burst
curst
durst
erst
first
hurst
thirst
worstURT, *see* ERT.

URSE „ ERSE.

URVE „ ERVE.

US

buss
fuss
muss
plus
thus
truss
us
discuss
percuss
rebus
amorous
blasphemous
boisterous
clamorous
credulous
dangerous
dolorous
emulousfabulous
frivolous
generous
gluttonous
harquebuss
hazardous
incubus
infamous
lecherous
mischievous
mountainous
mutinous
numerous
ominous
overplus
perilous
poisonous
ponderous
populous
prosperous
ravenous
rigorous
riotous
slanderous
sonorous
timorous
tyrannous
valorous
venomous
villanous
adventurous
adulterous
ambiguous
calamitous
degenerous
fortuitous
gratuitous
idolatrous
incredulous
libidinous
magnanimousmiraculous
necessitous
obstreperous
ridiculous
solicitous
unanimous
odoriferous

There are numerous other words ending in "OUS" which are not accented on the last syllable.

USE

deuce
goose
loose
ruse
truce
use
abuse
excuse
intuse
obtuse
profuse
recluse
refuse

USH

blush
brush
bush
crush
flush
gush
hush
lush
plush
push
rush

thrush
tush
ambush

USK

busk
dusk
husk
lusk
musk
rusk
tusk

UST

bust
crust
dust
gust
just
lust
must
rust
thrust
trust
adjust
adust

august
combust
disgust
distrust
incrust
intrust
mistrust
robust

UT

but
butt
cut
glut
gut
hut
jut
nut
put
rut
scut
shut
slut
smut
strut

abut
englut

UTCH, *see* UCH.

UTE „ OOT.

UTH

Ruth
sooth
tooth
truth
youth
forsooth
uncouth

UVE, *see* OVE.

UX

flux
lux
yux
conflux
efflux
influx
reflux
superflux

A LIST OF DOUBLE RHYMES USEFUL IN POETRY.

ACHING, awaking, breaking, forsaking, making, quaking,
raking, taking.

ACRE, baker, quaker, raker.

AFTER, hereafter, laughter, rafter, wafter.

AIDING. (*See* TRADING.)

AILING, bailing, bewailing, detailing, sailing, failing,
nailing, paling, quailing, railing, wailing, whaling.

ALLEY, galley, sally, valley.

ALTER, altar, falter, halter, palter, psalter.

AMBLE, bramble, ramble, scramble.

AMBLER, clambler, Rambler, scrambler.

AMBLING, rambling, scrambling.

ANGLE, dangle, mangle, spangle, strazgle, tangle.

ANGUISH, languish.

BABBLE, dabble, grabble, rabble.

BADNESS, gladness, madness, sadness.

BAILING, ailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling, quailing,
railing, sailing, wailing, whaling.

BAKER, acre, breaker, maker, quaker, raker, shaker, staker,
taker.

BANDED, branded, handed, landed, stranded.

BANDING, handing, landing, standing.

BANDY, handy, sandy.

BANKER, blanker, canker, danker, franker, hanker, lanker,
ranker, thanker.

BANTER, canter, chanter, panter, planter, ranter.

BARELY, fairly, rarely, sparely.

BARLEY, parley.

BASTED, hasted, pasted, tasted, wasted.

BATTLE, cattle, chattle, prattle, rattle, tattle.

BEAKER, bleaker, meeker, seeker, sneaker, speaker, squeaker, weaker.

BEAMING, deeming, dreaming, gleaming, seeming, streaming, teeming.

BEARER, carer, darer, fairer, rarer, scarer, sharer, snarer, swearer, wearer.

BEAREST. (*See* WEAREST.)

BEARING, airing, blaring, caring, daring, fairing, glaring, pairing, paring, scaring, sparing, squaring, swearing, tearing, wearing.

BEAUTY, duty.

BEING, seeing.

BELLOW, fellow, mellow.

BENDER, fender, lender, render, sender, slender, tender, vendor.

BENDING, blending, ending, lending, mending, pending, rendering, sending, spending, tending, vending, wending.

BERRY, bury, cherry, derry, ferry, merry, perry, very, wherry.

BETTER, fetter, letter, netter, setter, wetter.

BIDING, chiding, dividing, gliding, guiding, hiding, riding, sliding, striding.

BIGGER, digger, figure, nigger, rigger.

BILLOW, pillow, willow.

BITTER, fitter, fritter, twitter, glitter, hitter, litter, sitter.

BLAMEFUL, shameful.

BLEATING, beating, cheating, eating, greeting, meeting, seating, sheeting, sleeting, treating.

BLEEDING, beading, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing, pleading, reading, speeding, weeding.

BLESSING, caressing, dressing, guessing, pressing, tressing.

BLIGHTED, benighted, cited, delighted, invited, lighted, plighted, requited, righted, slighted, spited, united.

BLINDEST, kindest.

BLINDNESS, kindness.

BLISSES, hisses, kisses, misses.

BLOOMY, gloomy, loomy, ploomly, roomy.

BLOWING, flowing, going, growing, mowing, rowing, showing, snowing, stowing, strowing, throwing.

BLUNDER, plunder, sunder, thunder, under, wonder.

BOASTER, coaster, roaster, toaster.

BOLDNESS, coldness, oldness.

BORROW, morrow, sorrow.

BOTTLE, mottle, pottle, throttle.

BOUNDED, founded, hounded, pounded, rounded, sounded.

BOUNDETH, astoundeth, soundeth, surroundeth.

BOUNDING, founding, grounding, resounding, rounding, sounding.

BOWING, allowing, ploughing, vowing.

BRAINLESS, chainless, gainless, painless, rainless, stainless.

BRAMBLE, amble, gamble, ramble, scramble.

BRAWLER, bawler, caller, crawler, drawler, maunder, smaller, sprawler, taller.

BREAKING, aching, baking, forsaking, laking, making, quaking, shaking, staking, taking, waking.

BRIAR, crier, friar, nigher.

BRIGHTEN, frighten, heighten, lighten, tighten, whiten.

BRIGHTER, biter, citer, fighter, inviter, lighter, mitre, nitre, sligher, smiter, triter, whiter, writer.

BRIGHTLY, knightly, lightly, nightly, politely, rightly, sightly, slightly, spritely, tritely, whitely.

BRINDLE, dwindle, kindle, spindle.

BRINGER, clinger, flinger, ringer, singer, springer, stinger, swinger, wringer.

BRINGING, clinging, flinging, ringing, singing, slinging, springing, stinging, stringing, swinging, winging.

BRITTLE, little, quittal, spittal, tittle, whittle.

BROKEN, spoken, token.

BROTHER, another, mother, other, smother.

BUMPER, flumper, jumper, lumper, plumper, trumper.

BURLY, surly.

BURNING, spurning, turning, earning.

BURNISH, furnish.

BUTLER, cutler, sutler.

CALLING, appalling, falling, galling, stalling, walling.

CAILLOW, fallow, mallow, shallow, yellow.

CANKER, banker, hanker, lanker, spanker, thanker.

- CANTER, banter, ranter, panter.
CAPERS, papers, vapours.
CAREER, bearer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, swearer, wearer
CAREST, barest, darest, fairest, rarest, sharest, squarest,
wearest.
CARRIAGE, disparage, marriage.
CHALICE, malice, palace.
CHARMER, alarmer, farmer, harmer.
CHARMING, alarming, arming, farming, harming.
CHEERFUL, fearful, tearful.
CHEERLESS, fearless, peerless, tearless.
CHERISH, perish.
CHERRY, berry, bury, derry, ferry, jerry, merry, sherry,
very, wherry.
CHIDED, divided, glided, sided, tided.
CHILDHOOD, wildwood.
CHOOSER, loser, user.
CHORAL, floral, oral.
CHORUS, o'er us, porous.
CITY, ditty, pity, witty.
CLAMBLER, ambler, rambler, scrambler.
CLEARER, dearer, hearer, nearer, severer, sincerer, steerer.
CLENCHER, bencher, drencher, trencher, wrencher.
CLIENT, defiant, pliant.
CLINGING, bringing, flinging, ringing, singing, swinging,
winging.
CLIPPER, chipper, dipper, nipper, shipper, skipper, sipper,
whipper.
CLOVER, drover, over, rover.
COASTER, boaster, roaster, toaster.
COFFER, offer, proffer, scoffer.
COINER, joiner, purloiner.
COLLEGE, knowledge.
COURTED, sorted, sported.
COVER, glover, hover, lover, shover.
CRAGGY, baggy, jaggy, shaggy.
CRAVEN, graven, haven, raven, shaven.
CRAWLER, bawler, brawler, drawler, foiler, spoiler, sprawler.
CRAZY, daisy, hazy, lazy.
CREEPING, keeping, peeping, sleeping, steeping, sweeping,
weeping.

CRIPPLE, dipple, nipple, ripple, tipple.

CROSSES, drosses, losses, mosses.

CRUEL, duel, fuel, gruel.

CRUMBLE, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble, mumble,
rumble, stumble, tumble.

CRUPPER, upper, cupper, supper.

DAIST, crazy, hary, lazy, mazy.

DANCING, advancing, chancing, entrancing, glancing,
prancing.

DANGLE, candle, handle, sandal, scandal.

DANDY, bandy, candy, handy, pandy, sandy.

DANGER, manger, ranger, stranger.

DANGLE, jangle, mangle, spangle, strangle, tangle, wrangle.

DAPPER, flapper, snapper, wrapper.

DARER, bearer, carer, fairer, swearer, wearer.

DARING, bearing, caring, faring, paring, pairing, sparing,
swearing, tearing, wearing.

DARKEN, hearken.

DARKLING, sparkling.

DAUGHTER, mortar, porter, slaughter, water.

DAWNING, adorning, fawning, morning, scorning, warning.

DEALING, ceiling, feeling, healing, pealing, reeling, reveal-
ing, stealing.

DEARER, clearer, fearer, hearer, nearer, queerer.

DEAREST, fearest, hearest, nearest, queerest.

DECENT, recent.

DEEPNESS, steepness.

DIGGER, bigger, figure, jigger, nigger, rigger, snigger.

DIMPLE, pimple, simple, wimple.

DINGLE, ingle, jingle, mingle, shingle, single.

DINNER, grinner, sinner, skinner, thinner, winner.

DISTANCE, assistance, resistance.

DITCHER, hitcher, pitcher.

DOCTOR, proctor.

DOUBLE, bubble, nubble, rubble, stubble, trouble.

DOUBTER, outer, pouter, touter.

DRAINING, raining, straining, training.

DRAWLER, bawler, brawler, crawler, hawler.

DREAMING, beaming, creaming, gleaming, seeming,
scheming, streaming.

DRENCHER, bencher, clencher, quencher, trencher,
wrencher.

DRINKER, shrinker, thinker.

DRINKING, inkling, linking, sprinkling, tinkling, twink-
ling.

DRIVEN, given, riven, striven.

DUMBLY, humbly.

DUMBNESS, numbness.

DWELLING, belling, foretelling, quelling, selling, spelling,
swelling, telling, welling.

DWINDLE, brindle, kindle.

ENDING, bending, defending, lending, mending, pending,
rending, sending, tending, wending.

EVER, endeavour, never, sever.

FACES, chases, laces, traces, braces.

FAILING, ailing, bailing, railing, sailing, wailing, whaling.

FAINTING, painting, tainting.

FAINTLY, saintly.

FAIRER, bearer, carer, darer, pairer, rarer, swearer, wearer.

FAIREST, bearest, carest, darest, rarest, sharest, wearest.

FALLING, bawling, calling, hawling.

FALLOW, callow, mallow, shallow, tallow, yellow.

FASTNESS, vastness.

FEAREST, dearest, hearest, nearest, queerest, steerest.

FEARFUL, cheerful, tearful.

FEARLESS, cheerless, peerless.

FEATHER, leather, tether, together, weather, whether.

FEELING, dealing, healing, pealing, reeling, revealing,
squealing, stealing.

FELLOW, mellow.

FERRY, berry, cherry, derry, merry, perry, very, wherry.

FETTER, better, letter, setter, wetter.

FICKLE, pickle, prickle, sickle, tickle.

FIDDLE, twiddle, middle, riddle.

FIGURE, vigour.

FLEETNESS, sweetness.

FLINGING, bringing, clinging, singing, winging.

FLOATED, boated, doated, moated, quoted.

FLORAL, choral, oral.

FLYING, buying, dying, hieing, lying, prying, sighing,
trying, vieing.

FOLLOW, hollow.

FONDER, wander, yonder.

FOUNTAIN, mountain.

FUEL, cruel, duel.

FUNNEL, gunnel, runnel, tunnel.

GAINER, drainer, stainer, strainer, trainer.

GHASTLY, fastly, lastly, vastly.

GIVEN, driven, riven, striven, thriven.

GIVER, liver, quiver, river, shiver.

GLADNESS, badness, madness, sadness.

GLANCING, advancing, dancing, entrancing, lancing, prancing.

GLEAMING, beaming, deeming, dreaming, seeming, streaming.

GLIDED, bided, chided, divided, sided.

GLISTEN, listen.

GLITTER, bitter, fritter, hitter, litter, twitter.

GLORY, gory, hoary, story, tory.

GOING, blowing, flowing, glowing, knowing, mowing, rowing,
stowing, throwing.

GRAVEN, craven, haven, raven, shaven.

GREEDY, needy, seedy, speedy, weedy.

GREETING, beating, heating, meeting, repeating, seating,
treating.

GRIPER, piper, riper, viper.

GROANERS, moaners, owners.

GUNNEL, funnel, tunnel, runnel.

GUNNER, dunner, runner, stunner.

HACKLE, cackle, tackle.

HANDED, banded, candid, landed, sanded, stranded.

HANDLE, candle, dandle, sandal, Vandal.

HANDY, bandy, candy, dandy, sandy.

HANGING, banging, clanging.

HANKER, banker, canker, danker, lanker, spanker, thanker.

HARMING, alarming, charming, farming.

HAVEN, craven, graven, raven, shaven.

- HEADY**, neddy, ready, steady.
HEALING, dealing, feeling, pealing, reeling, revealing, stealing.
HEARER, clearer, dearer, fearer, nearer, queerer, steerer.
HEAREST, clearest, dearest, fearest, merest, nearest, peerest, queerest.
HEAVEN, leaven, leven.
HEAVING, deceiving, grieving, leaving, thieving, weaving.
HEEDED, needed, speeded, unheeded, weeded.
HEEDFUL, needful.
HIDING, biding, chiding, gliding, riding, striding, tiding.
HITHER, thither, wither.
HOLLOW, follow.
HONEY, funny, money.
HUMBLY, dumbly.
HUMOUR, rumour.

IDLE, bridle, sidle, tidal.
INGLE, dingle, mingle, shingle, single, tingle.

JAGGY, baggy, craggy, shaggy.
JAVELIN, ravelin.
JOBBER, fobber, robber.
JOKER, poker, provoker, smoker, soaker, stoker.
JUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, mumble, rumble, stumble, tumble.
JUNCTURE, puncture.

KEEPING, heaping, leaping, peeping, reaping, sleeping, weeping.
KINDLE, dwindle, spindle.
KINDNESS, blindness.

LADING, aiding, fading, trading, wading.
LANDING, banding, handing, sanding, standing.
LASTLY, fastly, ghastly, vastly.
LATENT, patent.
LAUGHTER, after, hereafter, rafter.
LAVING, braving, craving, raving, slaving, staving, waving.
LEADING, breeding, feeding, heeding, needing, pleading, reading, weeding.

LEATHER, feather, heather, nether, tether, together
weather.

LEAVING, grieving, heaving, weaving.

LEDGY, sedgy.

LENDING, bending, ending, rending, sending, tending,
wending.

LENGTHEN, strengthen.

LETTER, better, debtor, fetter, setter.

LIGHTED, blighted, delighted, plighted, righted, slighted,
united.

LIGHTEN, brighten, frighten, heighten.

LIGHTER, brighter, mitre, nitre, alighter, tighter, whiter,
writer.

LIGHTEST, brightest, slightest, whitest.

LIGHTLY, brightly, nightly, slightly, spritely, tightly.

LIQUOR, bicker, flicker, picker, quicker, sticker, thicker,
wicker.

LISTEN, glisten.

LITTER, bitter, fitter, glitter, hitter, pitter, quitter, titter,
twitter.

LITTLE, brittle, tittle.

LIVER, giver, quiver, river, shiver.

LIZARD, dizzard, gizzard, wizard.

LONELY, only.

LONGING, thronging, wronging.

LOUDLY, proudly.

MAKER, acre, baker, quaker, raker, shaker, staker, taker.

MAKING, aching, awaking, breaking, forsaking, quaking,
raking, taking, waking.

MALLOW, callow, fallow, shallow, tallow, yellow.

MANGLE, angle, dangle, jangle, strangle, tangle, wrangle.

MARRY, carry, harry, tarry.

MATCHER, latcher, thatcher, watcher.

MATIN, latin, satin.

MATRON, patron.

MEASURE, pleasure, treasure.

MERRY, berry, bury, cherry, derry, ferry, sherry, very,
wherry.

MUTTLE, fettle, kettle, metal, nettle, settle.

MIDDLE, diddle, fiddle, riddle, twiddle.
MILLER, driller, filler, killer, siller, tiller.
MINGLE, dingle, ingle, jingle, shingle, single.
MINION, opinion, pinion.
MONEY, funny, honey.
MORNING, adorning, dawning, scorning, warning.
MORROW, borrow, sorrow.
MOTHER, another, brother, smother.
MOTION, emotion, notion, ocean, potion.
MOTTO, grotto.
MOUNTAIN, fountain.
MUDDY, ruddy, study.
MUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble,
 rumble, stumble, tumble.

NATION, creation, legation, obligation, ration, station.
NEARER, clearer, dearer, hearer, rearer, steerer.
NEAREST, clearest, dearest, fearest, hearest, queerest.
NEEDFUL, heedful.
NEEDING, breeding, feeding, leading, pleading, reading,
 weeding.
NEEDLE, beadle, tweedle, wheedle.
NEEDY, greedy, seedy, speedy, weedy.
NETHER, feather, leather, tether, together, weather.
NETTLE, fettle, kettle, mettle, settle.
NEVER, endeavour, ever, sever.
NEWNESS, fewness, trueness.
NIBBLE, dribble, fribble, scribble.
NOTION, emotion, motion, ocean, potion.
NUMBER, encumber, lumber, slumber.

OCEAN, emotion, motion, notion.
OFFER, coffer, proffer, scoffer.
ONLY, lonely.
ORAL, choral, floral.
OTHER, another, brother, mother, smother.
OUTER, doubter, pouter, touter.
OVER, clover, drover, rover, trover.

PAINTING, fainting, tainting.
 PALING, ailing, bailing, failing, hailing, railing, sailing,
 wailing, whaling.
 PATENT, latent.
 PATTERN, slattern.
 PEALING, dealing, feeling, healing, reeling, revealing,
 stealing.
 PEDLER, medler.
 PEEPER, keeper, leaper, sleeper, weeper.
 PENSION, mention, tension.
 PERISH, cherish.
 PILLAGE, tillage, village.
 PILLOW, billow, willow.
 PIMPLE, dimple, simple, wimple.
 PINING, divining, lining, mining, reclining, shining,
 twining, whining.
 PINION, minion, opinion.
 PIPER, griper, viper.
 PITCHER, ditcher, hatcher.
 PITTANCE, quittance.
 PLANTED, enchanted, granted.
 PLATTER, batter, fatter, hatter, matter.
 PLAYER, prayer, slayer, stayer.
 PLAYING, delaying, laying, maying, neighing, obeying,
 staying, straying, weighing.
 PLEADING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,
 reading, weeding.
 PLEASURE, measure, treasure.
 PLOOMY, bloomy, gloomy, roomy.
 POKER, joker, provoker, smoker.
 PONDER, fonder, yonder.
 PORTAL, mortal.
 POSIES, discloses, roses.
 POTTLE, bottle, mottle, throttle.
 PRATTLE, battle, cattle, rattle, tattle.
 PROCTOR, doctor.
 PROFFER, coffer, offer, scoffer.
 PURELY, demurely, surely.

QUAKER, acre, baker, breaker, maker, raker, shaker, staker.

QUAKING, aching, awaking, baking, breaking, forsaking,
making, raking, shaking.
QUICKER, bicker. (*See LIQUOR.*)
QUITTANCE, pittance.

RAFTER, after, hereafter, laughter, wafter.
RAGING, waging.
RAILING, bailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling, quailing,
railing, sailing, tailing, veiling, wailing, whaling.
BAKER, baker, laker, maker, quaker, staker, taker.
BAKING, aching, awaking, baking, breaking, forsaking,
laking, making, quaking, taking, waking.
RAMBLE, amble, bramble, gamble, scramble.
RANGER, danger, manger, stranger.
RANTER, banter, canter, panter.
RARELY, barely, sparely.
RARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, starer, wearer.
RAREST, bearest, carest, darest, fairest, wearest.
RATION, creation, legation, obligation.
RAVEN, craven, graven, haven, shaven.
READING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,
weeding.
READY, heady, steady.
REASON, season, treason.
RECKONS, beckons.
REELING, dealing, feeling, healing, kneeling, stealing.
RENDER, bender, fender, gender, lender, mender, slender,
splendour, sender, tender.
RENDING, bending, ending, lending, mending, sending,
tending, wending.
RIDDLE, fiddle, middle, twiddle.
RIDER, bider, cider, divider, hider, sider, wider.
RIDING, biding, guiding, hiding, tiding.
RIGHTED, blighted, delighted, lighted, plighted, quited,
united.
RINGER, bringer, clinger, singer, flinger.
RINGING, bringing, clinging, flinging, singing, slinging,
stinging, swinging, winging.
RIPER, griper, piper, viper.

RIPPLE, cripple, dipple, nipple, tippie.

RIVEN, driven, given, striven.

RIVER, giver, liver, quiver, shiver.

ROASTER, boaster, coaster.

ROLLING, bowling, strolling, tolling.

ROOMY, bloomy, gloomy, ploomie.

ROSES, closes, discloses, Moses, noses, posies.

ROSTRUM, nostrum.

ROUNDED, bounded, founded, hounded, pounded, sounded.

ROVER, clover, over.

ROWING, blowing, flowing, going, hoeing, knowing, lowing,
mowing, showing, towing.

RUMBLE, grumble, humble, jumble, mumble, stumble,
tumble.

RUNNEL, funnel, gunnel, tunnel.

SADNESS, gladness, madness.

SAILING, ailing, bailing, failing, paling, wailing. (*See*
AILING.)

SAILOR, bailer, nailer, railer, tailor.

SAINTLY, faintly, quaintly.

SANDY, bandy, candy, dandy, handy.

SATIN, latin, matin.

SAWYER, lawyer.

SCARLET, varlet.

SCOFFER, coffer, offer, proffer.

SCORNING, adorning, dawning, fawning, morning, warning.

SCRAMBLER, ambler, clambler, gambler, Rambler.

SCRAPER, draper, paper, taper.

SCRIBBLER, nibbler.

SEASON, reason, treason.

SEDGY, ledgy.

SEEMING, beaming, dreaming, gleaming, streaming, teem-
ing.

SELLER, cellar, dweller, feller.

SEMBLE, resemble, tremble,

SENDER, bender, fender, gender, lender, mender, render,
tender, vendor.

SENDING, bending, ending, lending, rending. (*See* *BENDING*.)

SENTRY, entry, gentry.

SETTLE, fettle, kettle, mettle, nettle.
SEVER, endeavour, ever, never.
SHACKLE, hackle, tackle.
SHALLOW, callow, fallow, mallow, yellow.
SHAMEFUL, blameful.
SHAVEN, craven, graven, haven, raven.
SHINING, dining, fining, lining, mining, pining, twining,
 whining.
SHIVER, giver, liver, quiver, river.
SHOWERY, flowery, lowery.
SICKLE, fickle, pickle, prickle, tickle.
SIDLE, bridle, idle.
SIGHING, buying, dying, flying, hieing, lying, prying,
 trying, vieing.
SIMPLE, dimple, pimple, wimple.
SINGER, bringer, flinger, ringer.
SINGING, bringing, clinging, ringing, winging. (*See*
 BRINGING.)
SINGLE, dingle, ingle, mingle, shingle.
SINKING, drinking, stinking, thinking, winking.
SINNER, dinner, pinner, thinner, winner.
SKIPPER, clipper, nipper, shipper, snipper.
SLAUGHTER, daughter, water.
SLEEPER, deeper, keeper, leaper, peeper, reaper, steeper,
 weeper.
SLEEPING, creeping, heaping, keeping, leaping, peeping,
 reaping, steeping, weeping.
SLENDER, defender, render, sender, splendour, tender.
SLIGHTED, blighted, delighted, lighted, plighted, righted,
 united. (*See* BLIGHTED.)
SLIGHTER, brighter, fighter, lighter, mitre, nitre, whiter.
SLUMBER, encumber, lumber, number.
SMITER, biter, brighter, fighter, inviter, plighter, reciter,
 writer.
SMOKER, joker, poker, provoker.
SMOTHER, brother, mother, other.
SNEAKER, beaker, meeker, seeker, speaker, squeaker, weaker.
SORROW, borrow, morrow.
SOUNDING, bounding, founding, grounding, resounding,
 rounding.

- SPANKER, banker, canker, hanker, lanker, thanker.
 SPARELY, barely, fairly, rarely.
 SPARING, airing, bearing, caring, daring, faring, pairing,
 paring, sharing, swearing, tearing, wearing.
 SPEAKING, ekeing, reeking, sneaking, tweaking.
 SPECKLE, freckle.
 SPEEDED, heeded, needed, unheeded, weeded.
 SPEEDY, greedy, needy, reedy, seedy, weedy.
 SPOKEN, broken, token.
 SPORTED, courted, sorted.
 SPRAWLER, brawler, crawler, drawler.
 SPRINKLE, tinkle, winkle, wrinkle.
 SPRINKLING, inkling, tinkling, twinkling, wrinkling.
 STAINER, drainer, feigner, gainer, plainer, strainer,
 trainer.
 STANDING, banding, handing, landing.
 STATION (*See* NATION.)
 STAYER, player, prayer, slayer, weigher.
 STEADY, heady, ready.
 STEALING, dealing, feeling, healing, pealing, reeling, re-
 vealing.
 STIFLE, rifle, trifle.
 STRANGER, danger, ranger.
 STRANGLE, angle, dangle, jankle, mangle, tangle,
 wrangle.
 STRAYING, braying, delaying, flaying, laying, maying,
 neighing, obeying, playing, praying, weighing.
 STRENGTHEN, lengthen.
 STRIDING, biding, chiding, hiding, riding.
 STRIVEN, driven, given, riven.
 STROLLER, controller, roller.
 STRONGER, longer.
 STUMBLE, rumble, tumble.
 SUNDER, blunder, plunder, thunder, under, wonder.
 SURELY, demurely, purely.
 SUTLER, butler, cutler.
 SWEARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, starer,
 wearer.
 SWEETNESS, fleetness, neatness.
 SWELLING, dwelling, telling, welling. (*See* DWELLING.)
 SWIMMER, simmer, skimmer.

TACKLE, cackle, hackle.
TAILOR, bailor, nailer, railer, sailor, whaler.
TAKEN, forsaken, shaken, waken.
TALKER, baulker, stalker, walker.
TAKING, aching, awaking, breaking, forsaking, making,
 quaking, raking.
TALKING. (*See WALKING.*)
TAMELY, gamely, lamely, samely.
TANGLE, angle, dangle, mangle, strangle, tangle.
TAPER, draper, paper, scraper.
TARNISH, garnish, varnish.
TARRIED, carried, married, parried.
TASKER, asker.
TASTED, basted, hasted, wasted.
TATTLE, battle, cattle, prattle, rattle.
TEARFUL, cheerful, fearful.
TEASING, leasing, pleasing, sneezing.
TENDER, fender, lender, render, sender, slender, splendour,
 vendor.
TENDING, bending, blending, ending, lending, mending,
 rending, sending, spending, tending, vending, wending.
TETHER, feather, leather, nether, together, weather.
THATCHER, latcher, matcher, patcher.
THIEVING, leaving, weaving.
THISTLE, bristle, epistle, whistle.
THITHER, hither, wither.
THRESHER, rasher.
THRONGING, longing.
THROWING, blowing, crowing, flowing, glowing, going,
 knowing, lowing, mowing, owing, rowing, showing,
 snowing, stowing.
THUNDER, blunder, plunder, sunder, under, wonder.
TILLAGE, pillage, village.
TILLER, driller, miller, siller.
TIPPLE, cripple, nipple, ripple, stipple.
TITTLE, brittle, little.
TOASTER, boaster, coaster, roaster.
TOKEN, broken, spoken.
TOURNAY, journey.

TRADING, aiding, braiding, degrading, evading, fading,
jading, lading, shading, wading, &c.*

TRAINER, drainer, gainer, plainer, strainer, stainer.

TRAITOR, crater, debater, hater, later, mater, prætor,
prater, stater, waiter.

TRAVELLER, raveller.

TREASON, reason, season.

TREASURE, measure, pleasure.

TREATING, beating, greeting, meeting, seating, sheeting.

TREMBLE, assemble, resemble.

TRENCHER, bencher, clencher, drencher, quencher,
wrencher.

TRIFLER, rifler.

TRUENESS, fewness, newness.

TUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble,
mumble, rumble, stumble.

TUMBLER, grumbler, rumbler.

TWEEDLE, beadle, needle, wheedle.

TWINING, dining, divining, fining, lining, mining, pining,
reclining, repining, shining, whining.†

TWINKLE, inkle, sprinkle, tinkle, wrinkle.

TWISTER, blister, hiss'd her, kiss'd her, miss'd her, sister,

TWITTER, bitter, fitter, fritter, glitter, hitter, litter, sitter

VARNISH, garnish, tarnish.

VENTER, centre, renter.

VERY, berry, bury, cherry, Derry, ferry, merry, perry,
wherry.

VICTOR, lictor.

VILAGE, pillage, tillage.

VINEYARD, inn-yard, skin-yard.

VINTAGE, mintage.

VINTRY, wintry.

VIPER, griper, piper, ripper.

VOTER, quoter.

VOWING, bowing, cowing, ploughing.

* See ADE, in Dictionary of Rhymes.

† See INE, *ibid.*

- WADING, aiding, fading, lading, trading.
 WAILING, ailing, bailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling,
 quailing, railing, sailing, tailing, veiling, whaling.
 WAKEN, forsaken, taken.
 WAKING, aching, breaking, forsaking, making, quaking,
 raking, taking.
 WALKING, baulking, caulking, stalking, talking.
 WARNING, adorning, dawning, morning, scorning. (*See*
 DAWNING.)
 WASTED, hasted, hasted, pasted, tasted.
 WEARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, starer,
 swearer.
 WEAREST, bearest, carest, darest, fairest, rarest.
 WEARING, bearing, caring, daring, faring, paring, staring,
 swearing.
 WEATHER, feather, leather, tether, together, whether.
 WEAVING, cleaving, deceiving, grieving, heaving, leaving,
 thieving.
 WEEDING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,
 reading.
 WEEPER, keeper, peeper, sleeper.
 WEeping, creeping, heaping, keeping, peeping, sleeping,
 steeping, sweeping.
 WELLING, bellling, dwelling, felling, foretelling, quelling,
 selling, spelling, swelling, telling.
 WENDING, bending, intending, lending, mending, offend-
 ing, pending, rending, sending, tending. (*See* BENDING.)
 WHEEDLE, beadle, needle, tweedle.
 WHERRY, berry, cherry, ferry, merry, sherry, very.
 WHINING, pining, shining, twining.
 WHISTLE, bristle, epistle, thistle.
 WHITEN, brighten, lighten. (*See* BRIGHTEN.)
 WHITER, biter, brighter, lighter, nitre, slighter, writer.
 (*See* BRIGHTER.)
 WIDER, bider, cider, divider, hider, sider.
 WILD-WOOD, childhood.
 WILLOW, billow, pillow.
 WIMPLE, dimple, pimple, simple.
 WINGING, bringing, clinging, flinging, singing, springing,
 stinging, swinging.

WINKING, drinking, sinking, stinking, thinking.

WINNING, beginning, dinning, grinning, pinning, sinning, thinning.

WITHER, hither, thither.

WRANGLE, dangle, mangle, spangle, tangle.

WRINKLE, inkle, sprinkle, tinkle, twinkle.

The foregoing list contains all the Double Rhymes likely to be required, and they are arranged so as to be seen at a glance. Should others be wanted, they can be easily found by consulting the Dictionary of Single Rhymes, and adding the termination of the rhyme in question to the examples contained therein.



WORDS OF THREE SYLLABLES,

ACCENTED ON THE FIRST.

(Commonly called TREBLE RHYMES.)

AMBLINGLY, ramblingly,	CHEERRY-CHEEKED, merry-scramblingly.
ARTICLE, particle.	CHORALLY, florally, orally.
ATTITUDE, gratitude, platitude, latitude.	CLARION, carrion.
AWFULNESS, lawfulness.	CLARITY, charity, disparity.
	COOKERY, rookery.
	COPPERY, foppery.
BATTERY, flattery.	COPULATE, populate.
BEAMINGLY, seemingly, teeming-ly.	COTERIE, notary, rotary, votary.
BEAUTEOUS, duteous.	CRAZILY, hazily, lazily.
BEAUTIFUL, dutiful.	CREDITOR, editor.
BLAMEFULLY, shamefully.	CRUSTILY, dustily, fustily, gustily, lustily, mustily.
BORROWER, sorrower.	CULMINATE, fulminate.
BOWERY, flowery, lowery, showery.	CURABLE, durable.
BOUNDINGLY, soundingly.	DARINGLY, sparingly.
BRAVERY, knavery, slavery.	DEANERY, greenery, scenery.
BREVITY, levity.	DECENCY, recency.
BRITTLINESS, littleness.	DECENTLY, recently.
BROTHERLY, motherly, south-erly.	DEVILRY, revelry.
BURLINESS, surliness.	DISBELIEF, misbelief.
	DOGGISHLY, hoggishly.
CALF-WITTED, half-witted.	DOMINATE, abominate, nominate.
CAREFULLY, darefully.	DRAPERY, tapery, vapoury.
CHEERFULNESS, fearfulness.	DURABLE, curable.
CHEERILY, merrily, verily.	DURITY, futurity, maturity,
CHEERLESSLY, fearlessly, peerlessly, tearlessly.	purity.
	DUTEOUS, beauteous.

DUTIFUL, beautiful.	LAZILY, crazily, hazily.
EDITOR, creditor.	LECHERY, treachery.
EVERMORE, nevermore.	LEGALLY, regally.
	LEVITY, brevity.
	LITTLENESS, brittleness.
FEARFULNESS, cheerfulness, tearfulness.	LIVERY, shivery.
FLATTERER, scatterer, smat- terer.	LOCALLY, vocally.
FLATTERY, battery.	LOTTERY, pottery, tottery.
FLOWINGLY, knowingly.	LOYALIST, royalist.
FLUMMERY, mummery.	LOYALLY, royally.
FOPPERY, coppery.	LOWLINESS, holiness.
FULMINATE, culminate.	LUSTILY, crustily, dustily, mustily.
	LUSTINESS, fustiness, musti- ness, trustiness.
GRANARY, planary.	
GRATIFY, ratify.	MASSIVENESS, passiveness.
GRATITUDE, attitude, latitude, platitude.	MASTER-HAND, faster hand.
GREEDILY, needily, speedily.	MASTER-STROKE, faster stroke.
GUNNERY, nunnery.	MERRILY, cheerily, verily.
	MERRY-CHEEKED, cherry- cheeked.
HALF-WITTED, calf-witted.	MISBELIEF, disbelief.
HEEDFULLY, needfully.	MOTHERLY, brotherly, south- erly.
HISTORY, mystery.	MOTIONLESS, notionless, oceanless.
HOGGISHLY, doggishly.	MOVABLE, provable.
HOLINESS, lowliness.	MUMMERY, flummery.
HUMANLY, womanly.	MUSTILY, crustily, dustily, lustily.
HUMANKIND, womankind.	MUSTINESS, fustiness, lusti- ness, trustiness.
	MUTINEER, scrutineer.
JEALOUSLY, zealously.	MYSTERY, history, his story.
KILLINGLY, willingly.	NEEDFULLY, heedfully.
KNAVERY, bravery, slavery.	NEEDILY, greedily, speedily, seedily.
KNOWINGLY, flowingly.	NOMINATE, abominate, domi- nate.
LATITUDE, attitude, grati- tude, platitude.	
LAUGHABLE, quaffable.	
LAWFULLY, awfully.	
LAWFULNESS, awfulness.	

NOTARY, votary, rotary.	SENSIBLE, fencible, reprehensible, tensible.
NOTIONLESS, motionless, oceanless.	SERPENTINE, turpentine.
NUNNERY, gunnery.	SHAMEFULLY, blamefully.
	SHIVERY, livery.
PARTICLE, article.	SHOWERY, bowery, flowery.
PASSIVENESS, massiveness.	SILVERY, still very.
PITIFUL, city full.	SLAVERY, bravery, knavery.
PLATITUDE, attitude, gratitude, latitude.	SLENDERLY, tenderly.
POPULATE, copulate.	SMATTERER, flatterer.
POPERY, ropery.	SORROWER, borrower.
PROVABLE, movable.	SOUNDINGLY, boundingly.
PURITY, durity, futurity, maturity, security.	SOUTHERLY, brotherly, motherly.
	SPARINGLY, daringly.
QUAFFABLE, laughable, chaffable.	SPEEDILY, greedily, needily.
	SPECTACLE, receptacle.
RATIFY, gratify.	STEADILY, readily.
READILY, steadily.	STEALINGLY, feelingly.
READINESS, steadiness.	STIMULATE, simulate.
REGENCY, decency.	STEADINESS, headiness, readiness.
RECENTLY, decently.	SURLINESS, burliness.
REGALLY, legally.	SWINGINGLY, clingingly, ringingly.
REVELRY, devilry.	
REVEREND, never end.	TAPERY, drapery.
RISIBLE, visible.	TELLINGLY, swellingly.
ROOKERY, cookery.	TENDERLY, slenderly.
ROPERY, popery.	TERRIFY, verify.
ROTARY, coterie, notary, votary.	TENSIBLE, fencible, sensible.
ROYALIST, loyalist.	TOTTERY, lottery, pottery.
ROYALLY, loyally.	TREACHERY, lechery.
RUTHFULLY, truthfully, youthfully.	TRUSTINESS, fustiness, lustiness, mustiness.
	TRUTHFULLY, ruthfully, youthfully.
SANITY, urbanity, vanity.	TURPENTINE, serpentine.
SORNERY, deanery, greenery.	
SCRUTINEER, mutineer.	VANITY, sanity, urbanity.
SEEMINGLY, beamingly.	VERIFY, terrify.

VERILY, cheerily, merrily.	WILLINGLY, killingly.
VERITY, dexterity, temerity.	WOMANKIND, humankind.
VISIBLE, risible.	
VOCALLY, locally.	YESTERDAYS, best o' days,
VOTARY, coterie, notary,	pest o' days, quest o' days.
rotary.	YOUTHFULLY, ruthfully,
	truthfully.
WIDGEON, pigeon.	ZEALOUSLY, jealously.



TERMS USED IN POETRY

AND

POETICAL CRITICISM.



TERMS USED IN POETRY

AND POETICAL CRITICISM.

ACCENT. The part of a word or sentence on which the stress is laid.

ACCENTUATION. Making the accents.

ACCIDENCE. The arrangement of words according to their sense.

ACROSTIC. A poem, the lines of which are so arranged that the first letter of each forms a word or name.

ADONIC. A short verse in which the death of Adonis is bewailed.

AFFLATUS. The influence which conveys the power of the poem to the mind of the reader. Tully attributes all great actions to the divine *afflatus*.

ALEXANDRINE. A line of verse consisting of twelve syllables, or twelve and thirteen syllables alternately, the pause being on the sixth syllable.

ALLEGORY [*See page 70.*]

ALLITERATION. A repetition of the same consonants or syllables of the same sound in one sentence.

AMPHIBRACH. A foot of three syllables, the middle one long, the first and last short.

ANADIPLOSIS. A figure in poetry, when the last word or words of a sentence are repeated at the beginning of the next.

ANAGRAM. A transposition of the letters of a word by which another word is formed.

ANALECTA. A collection of extracts.

ANAPEST. A foot consisting of three syllables, the first two short, the last long.

ANAPESTIC. The anapestic measure.

ANAPHORA. A repetition of the same word or phrase at the commencement of successive phrases.

ANASTROPHE. An inversion of the natural order of words.

ANGLICISM. The idiom of speech peculiar to the English.

ANNOTATION. A brief commentary on a book or poem.

ANTEPENULT. The last syllable but two of a word.

ANTEPENULTIMATE. Pertaining to the last syllable but two.

ANTEPOSITION. The placing of one word before another.

ANTHOLOGY. A collection of beautiful passages from various authors; a collection of poems.

ANTITHESIS. [See page 69.]

ANTITHETIC. Abounding with antitheses.

APHORISM. A precept or sentiment briefly expressed.

APOCOPATE. To cut off or drop the last letter or syllable of a word.

APOCOPATED. Shortened by the omission of the last letter or syllable.

APOLOGUE. A poetical fiction; a moral fable.

APOSTROPHE. A figure, in which the poet turns from his subject to address his reader or some absent person.

ARGUMENT. The heads of a poem divided into books or parts, giving their subject-matter.

ATTIC. Applied to style. An Attic style—pure, classical, and elegant.

AURIGRAPHY. The art of writing with liquid gold.

AUSCULTATORY. Pertaining to hearing or listening.

BALLAD. Originally, a lyric composition, or tale in verse; now applied to a short poem set to music.

BARD. Originally, a semi-barbarous poet; now applied to any professor of verse.

BATHOS. Ludicrous, unmeaning writing.

BOMBAST. An inflated style of composition.

BOUS-RIMES. Rhymes disposed in order, and given to a versifier to fill up.

BUCOLIC. A poem relating to rural affairs, chiefly in ancient poetry.

BURDEN. The part of a song which is repeated at the end of each verse.

CADENCE. The flow or periods of verses.

CANTATA. A composition consisting of recitatives, stanzas, and different movements intended to be sung.

CANTO. The part or division of a poem.

CAP. *To cap verses*; to name alternately verses beginning with a particular letter; to quote verses in opposition or emulation.

CATASTASIS. The third part of the ancient drama, where the plot is heightened before coming to the close.

CATASTROPHE. The close of a drama, in which the plot is cleared up.

CHORUS. In ancient dramatic poetry, the person placed on the stage to explain the progress of the drama, where not sufficiently indicated by the action.

COPY. The manuscript prepared for the press.

CRITIC. A person who ought to be able to judge of a literary composition according to the rules of art.

CRUDITY. A subject not sufficiently thought out.

CULMINATION. Used metaphorically to express the end or most brilliant part of a composition.

DACTYL. A poetical foot consisting of three syllables, the first long, the others short.

DACTYLIC. A line consisting wholly of dactyls.

DACTYLIST. One who writes flowing verse.

DIDACTIC. Poetry intended to instruct, or full of moral axioms.

DIMINUTIVE. A word which lessens an original word, as river, rivulet.

DIRGE. A song of sorrow or mourning.

DOUBLE ENTENDRE. A French term, which implies a covert as well as an obvious meaning.

DOXOLOGY. A hymn of praise of the Almighty.

DRAMA. All compositions adapted for the stage.

ECHO. In poetry, the last syllable of a verse repeated in a new sense.

ECLOGUE. A pastoral poem; any short, simple, and natural poem.

ELEGANCE. In literature, any composition in which the sense is expressed in a happy, correct, and appropriate manner.

ELEGIAC. Belonging to elegy; plaintive; expressing sorrow or lamentation.

ELEGY. A plaintive and mournful poem addressed to some person or place, as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

ELISION. The suppressing a vowel at the end of a word to shorten the sound or measure.

ENCLITIC. A word so closely united to another as to seem a part of it.

ENCLITICAL. Throwing back the accent on the former syllable.

EPIC. A poem narrating a story, generally heroic; now used to express any long poem written in a grave or elevated style.

EPIGRAM. A short satirical poem, generally of a personal nature.

EPIPOECE. A figure of speech by which one striking circumstance is added to another.

EPISODE. A separate incident or story introduced within another.

EPISTROPHE. A figure in which several interrogations are put, and answered in the affirmative one after the other.

EPITAPH. Lines inscribed on a monument.

EPITHALAMIUM. A nuptial song.

EPODE. The third or last part of an ode.

EPOPEE. The subject of an epic poem.

EQUIVOQUE. A word or sentence susceptible of different meanings.

ESSAY. A composition illustrative of any particular subject.

EUPHONY. An easy and smooth manner.

EXORDIUM. The commencement of a speech or subject.

FABLE. A fictitious narrative from which a moral is drawn.

FEELING. In poetry, the pathos with which a poem is imbued.

FIGURATIVE. Applied to poetry in which metaphors are employed to express the literal meaning.

FOOT. A certain number of syllables forming part of a line of verse.

FUSTIAN. An inflated style of writing, high-sounding, but with little meaning.

GENIUS. The power of inventing new and original forms; a true poet as distinguished from a mere versifier.

GROTESQUE. Whimsical extravagant writing.

HARMONY. The agreement between the several parts of a poem.

HERO. The principal person in a poem.

HEXAMETER. In classical poetry, a verse of six feet, the first four of which must be dactyls or spondees, and the sixth always a spondee.

HOMERIC. In the manner of Homer, or the poetry of ancient Greece.

HUMOUR. Comic verse less brilliant than wit, but more genial.

HYPERBOLE. An exaggerated description of anything—a fault very common to young authors.

HYPERCATALECTIC. In classical verse, a line which has a syllable or two beyond the proper measure.

HYPERCRITIC. One who finds fault without reason, and frequently without knowledge—a being not unknown in periodical literature.

HYPERMETRE. More than the ordinary measure.

HYPOBOLE. A figure in which several things are mentioned going against the argument, but which are each refuted in order.

HYPOTHESIS. Something assumed, but not proved; an imagined theory.

IAMBIC. Pertaining to the Iambus.

IAMBUS. A foot of two syllables, the first short, the last long, as “declare.”

IDEA. The thing which is conceived by the mind; the subject matter of a poem.

IDEAL. The imaginary model of perfection, as the *ideal of beauty*. There are also ideals of the hateful or horrid.

IDEOGRAPHIC. Writing which expresses the ideas and not the sound.

IDIOM. A word peculiar to a language that cannot be literally translated. Translators must find out a corresponding *idiom* in the language into which they are translating.

IDYL. A short poem, generally pastoral, but sometimes applied to heroic poems, such as Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

IMAGE. In poetry, a description of anything which conveys a picture to the mind.

IMPROVISATORI. One who composes or recites verses extemporaneously.

INTUITION. The act of the mind in instantly perceiving an idea.

INVENTION. What the poet adds to the facts of his subject.

JARGON. Confused unintelligible language.

JEU DE MOTS. A play upon words; a pun.

JEU D'ESPRIT. A witticism; a play of wit.

JOHNSONISM. A peculiar word or manner of Dr. Johnson.

KEEPING—"in keeping." Denoting the just proportion and relation of several parts.

LAUREATE. "An officer of the Royal household, whose business is to compose an ode annually for the Sovereign's birthday."—WEBSTER.

LICENSE. *Poetic licence*—where the poet goes out of the way to express an idea, or gives a word a meaning other than its literal one.

LYRE. An imaginary instrument attributed by poets to Apollo and the Muses.

LYRIC. An ode suited to be sung; a short poem.

MANUSCRIPT. Writing of any kind; in literature, the "copy" prepared for the printer.

MEASURE. A certain number of syllables metrically measured.

METAPHOR. [*See* page 68.]

METAPHRASIS. A literal translation.

METATHESIS. A figure by which the letters or syllables of a word are transposed.

METRE. The system of feet composing a line of verse.

MORALITY. An ancient allegorical play, extinct after the reign of Henry VIII.

MUSE. The deity or power of poetry.

MUSES. In mythology, the nine sister goddesses supposed to preside over the liberal arts.

MUSICAL. Applied to verse when smooth and flowing.

NEOLOGY. The introduction of new words.

NUMBERS. In poetry, the harmony, order, and quantity of the syllables forming the feet.

OCTAVO. A sheet folded into eight leaves or sixteen pages.

ODE. A short poem; formerly, a poetical composition proper to be set to music.

OPERA. A dramatic composition of which music is the essential part.

PALÆOGRAPHY. A description of ancient writings, &c.

PARAGRAM. A play upon words.

PARAGRAPH. A section or portion of a writing.

PARALOGISM. A false reasoning.

PARAPHRASE. The turning of the language of an author by another into his own.

PARODY. A serious work burlesqued. In a close parody the rhymes, words, and cadences of the original are observed, while the thoughts are diverted to another object.

PASQUINADE. A lampoon; satirical writing.

PASSAGE. A single clause, place, or part of a poem.

PASTORAL. A poem descriptive of country life.

PATAVINITY. The use of local words.

PENTAMETER. A line consisting of five feet. The first two may be dactyls or spondees, the third must be a spondee, and the last two anapests.

PENULTIMATE. The last but one; the last syllable but one of a word, the antepenultimate being the last but two.

PERORATION. The conclusion of an oration.

PINDARIC. An ode in imitation of the style of Pindar.

POEM. A composition in blank verse or rhyme; applied to other compositions of a highly imaginative character.

POESY. A motto engraved on a ring; poetry.

POET. One who has a genius for metrical composition, as distinct from a mere versifier.

POETASTER. A petty poet; a mere rhymester.

POETICAL. Suitable to poetry.

POETICAL JUSTICE. The distribution of the rewards and punishments of the characters introduced into a play or poem.

POETICS. The doctrine of poetry.

POETIZE. To write as a poet.

POET-MUSICIAN. An appellation given to a bard of former times; one who composes both the words and music of his songs, as Charles Dibdin, and Samuel Lover.

POSTHUMOUS. Published after the death of the author.

PROLOGUE. An address delivered to the audience previous to the commencement of a play.

PUNCTUATION. The marks used to distinguish the construction of a sentence.

PYRRHIC. A foot of two short syllables.

QUANTITY. Poetic measure.

QUARTO. A sheet folded twice, to make four leaves; a book thus folded so called.

QUATRAIN. A verse of four lines rhyming alternately.

RADIX. A primitive word from which other words spring.

REALISM. The opposite of Idealism.

RECITATIVE. Poetry written to be chanted, by which the action of an opera is carried on; sometimes used as a short introduction to a song, as in "The Death of Nelson."

REPLICATION. Using the same term twice in one proposition.

REQUIEM. A prayer written to be sung.

RHYME. [See page 7.]

RHYTHM. [See page 23.]

ROMANCE. A tale or fictitious history.

RONDEAU. An old-fashioned species of poetry, consisting of thirteen verses, of which eight are in one kind of rhyme and five in another, with the same word at the beginning and the end. Called also *ROUNDEL* and *ROUNDELAY*.

SAPPHIC. Pertaining to Sappho, a Grecian poetess. The Sapphic verse consists of five feet, of which the first two are trochees, the second a spondee, and the third a dactyl.

SCAN. To examine a verse by counting the feet.

SENTIMENT. In poetry, the thoughts which the several persons express; the general feeling and tone of the poem.

SEXTAIN. A poem of six verses.

SIBYLS. In antiquity, certain women supposed to be endowed with power to prophesy. Their oracles were written in verse on leaves, which were called "Sibylline verses:" the term is sometimes applied to modern verse of a prophetic character.

SIMILE. A comparison of two things which, though differing in name, are made to agree.

SONG. A short poem written to be sung, and embodying a sentiment; the poetry of the people.

SONNET. [See page 47.]

SPONDEE. A foot of two long syllables.

SPENSERIAN STANZA. [See page 29.]

STANZA. A number of lines or verses connected with each other. Some authors persist in calling every verse a stanza.

STROPHE. In ancient lyric poetry, the first of two stanzas, the *antistrophe* being the second.

STYLE. Mode or peculiar method of an author.

SYLLABICATION. The act of forming syllables or dividing words.

SYLLABUS. The heads of a poem.

SYLLEPSIS. A figure by which we conceive the sense of the words otherwise than the words' import, and construe them according to the intention of the author.

SYLLOGISM. Reasoning reduced to form and method.

TERCET. A triplet; a verse of three lines rhyming together.

TERSE. Clearly written.

TERSENESS. Closeness of style; smoothness of language.

TERZA RIMA. A system of versification borrowed by the early Italian poets from the Troubadours.

THESIS. A position or proposition; a theme.

TRAGEDY. A serious drama.

TRANSITION. The sudden leaving of one subject for another.

TRIBRACH. A foot of three short syllables.

TROCHEE. A foot of two syllables, the first long, the second short.

TROPE. An expression used in a figurative sense.

UNITY. The consistency of one part of a play or poem to another.

VERSICULAR. Pertaining to verse.

VERSE. Poetry generally; a division of a poem consisting of a certain number of lines, generally four, eight, or twelve.

VERSIFICATION. The practice of composing verse.

VERSIFIED. Formed into verse.

VERSIFIER. One who writes in rhyme, but who is destitute of ideas.

VERSIFY. To turn into verse; to make verses.

VERSION. The particular rendering of a subject.

WIT. The intellect; the understanding or mental powers; the association of ideas in a manner natural, but unusual and striking, so as to produce surprise joined with pleasure.—WEBSTER.

YARN. A seaman's story.

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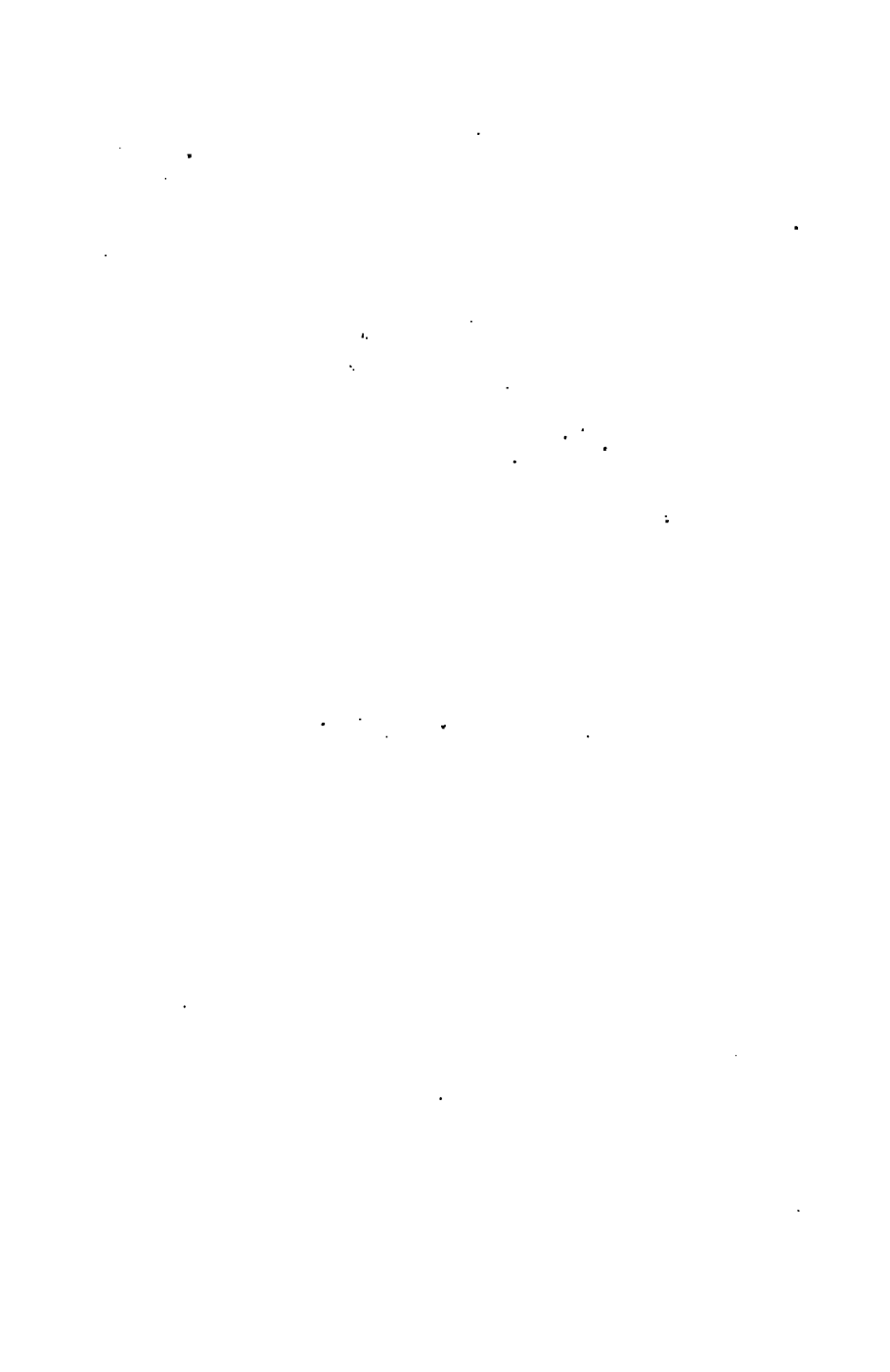
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